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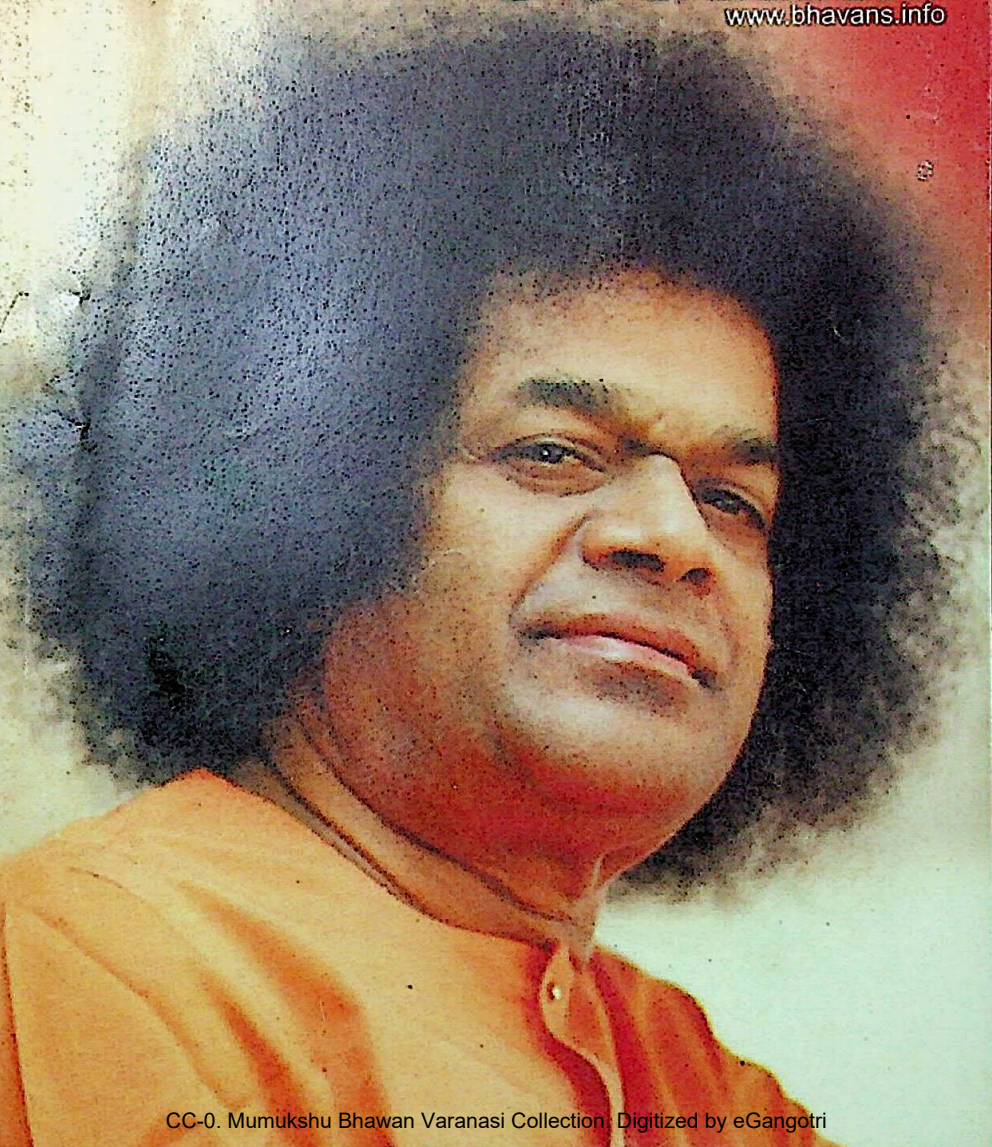
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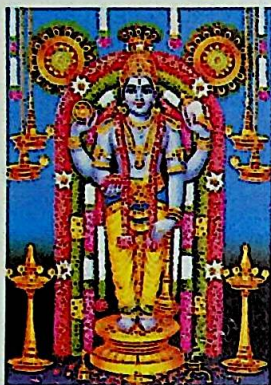
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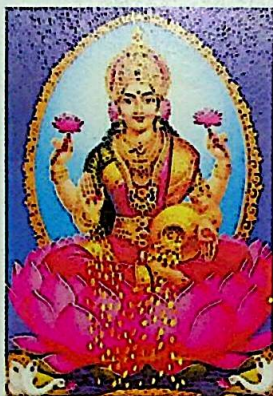
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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः ।

*aa no bhadraah kratavo yantu vishvatah*

*Let noble thoughts come to us from every side -Rigveda, 1-89-1*



त्रिपुरादिकदनुजान्तं गिरिजाकान्तं सदैव संशान्तम् ।  
लीलाविजितकृतान्तं भान्तं स्वान्तेषु देहिनां वन्दे ॥

*Tripuraadikadanujaantam girijaakaantam sadaiva  
samshaantam*

*Leelaavijitakritaantam bhaantam svaanteshu dehinaam  
vande*

I salute Lord Shiva, -- who is the destroyer of demons like Tripurasura; always engrossed in tranquillity; loving husband of Parvati, who playfully defeats the lord of death and who shines forth in the hearts of all beings.

from Sadashivashtakam of Swami Brahmananda

*(Tripurari Pournima falls on Friday, November 26, 2004.)*





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THE DIVINE LIFE SOCIETY

SIVANANDA PUBLICATION LEAGUE

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**November 30, 2004*****In this Issue...***

◆ Prayer	1
◆ <i>From the Bhavan's President</i>	5
India Can Reach the Top	
◆ Flash Back	10
◆ Editorial	13
Enduring Embodiment of Love	
◆ Islam & The Dialogue of Civilizations	17
— L. M. Singhvi	
◆ Fragrance of Virtues	25
— Swami Sudarshananda	
◆ Bahuda Concept – IV	29
India and the World	
— B. P. Singh	
◆ Wordsworth and Vedanta	33
— B. M. N. Murthy	
◆ Gandhi Upanishad	37
Punctuality	
— Mathoor Krishnamurthi	
◆ Rajiv Gandhi – A Documentary of Greatness	39
— P. D. Tandon	
◆ Indian Culture is wholly integrated	45
— Ravindra Kumar	
◆ Mayavada in Advaita	49
— S. V. Narayanan	
◆ Sant Tukaram – Apostle of Pure Devotion	52
— V. Rajaraman & Milind Gawai	
◆ Secrets of Kundalini - II	57
Head Transplantation	
— K. A. N. Talpasai	
◆ Action without Actor	61
— N. Narayana Pillai	
◆ Swadhyaya	64
Valmiki Ramayana	
◆ Ragas and Feelings	66
— T. V. Sairam	
◆ Ethics and Business	71
— S. K. Chakraborty	



◆ Educating Humanity	76
—Salil Gawali	
◆ Become What You Deserve	79
—T. G. L. Iyer	
◆ Land's End	82
—G. Sivaswamy	
◆ A One Act Play	83
Man and Nature - III	
—Shrikant Murthy	
◆ Superstitions	87
—L. R. Sabharwal	
◆ Historical Novel	90
Prithvi Vallabh - 27	
—Dr. K. M. Munshi	
◆ Stories of Vikramaditya - 58	94
Maha Sura in Devaloka	
—V. A. K. Aiyer	
◆ Bhavan's Book for the fortnight	99
Beyond Shirdi	
Stories of the Living Presence of Sai Baba	
—K. Venkataraman	
◆ Readers Write	103
◆ Women's Section Chetana	107
◆ Children's Section Nandana	113
◆ Bhavan's News	119

### Our Cover

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## Letter from the President India can Reach the Top

"The individual if left alone from birth, would remain primitive and beastlike in his thoughts and feelings to a degree that we can hardly conceive. The individual is what he is and has the significance that he has not so much in virtue of his individuality but rather as a member of a great human community, which directs his material and spiritual existence from the cradle to the grave."

*Albert Einstein*

A society, community or nation is made up of individuals. When every individual is a disciplined person, he or she contributes to the power of the society, community or the nation. The electrons in a piece of ordinary iron move about at random. When they are, however, made to flow in an orderly form, the ordinary piece of iron is converted into a magnet,

pulsating with power.

The strength and power of a nation, therefore, is created when most of its people think in terms of national welfare rather than individual welfare. When individuals concern themselves only with their own affairs, they are like the electron moving at random. The country in spite of seething activity is as ineffective as the ordinary piece of iron. When we think in terms of the



A National Daily dated 24<sup>th</sup> October, 2004, carries the following interesting comparison between India and China.

Country	Population Below the National Poverty Line	Population Below International Poverty (\$1 per day)	Life Expect- ancy at Line	Under - 5 Mortality (Per 1000) Birth	Adult (15-Plus) Literacy Rate
India	28.6%	34.7%	63 Yr	90	61%
China	046%	16.6%	71 Yr	38	91%

Country	Population	Gross National Income (GNI)	GNI Per Capital	ANNUAL Average GDP Growth Rate (1990- 2003)	Exports Manu facture as % of Total Exports
India	1.06BN	568 bn	\$530	5.8%	\$69.7bn 75
China	1.29BN	1471 bn	\$1000	9.5%	\$112.8bn 90

Country	High-tech Manfuactures as % of Manufactures Exports	Carbon Di-Oxide Emissions (Million Tonnes)
India	5	1070
China	23	2790

—NOVEMBER 30, 2004—

**Our country is the largest democracy in the world. The freedom a citizen enjoys is real. Ours is a functioning democracy. Whereas, China is ruled by a single party. Its citizens do not have the kind of liberty that is available to the citizens of our country. We have been free to decide our destiny for the past 57 years.**

nation first, it empowers both us and the nation.

Our country is the largest democracy in the world. The freedom a citizen enjoys is real. Ours is a functioning democracy. Whereas, China is ruled by a single party. Its citizens do not have the kind of liberty that is available to the citizens of our country. We have been free to decide our destiny for the past 57 years. In China it is the communist party which decides what is good for its citizens.

It can be seen that China is way ahead of India and it is simply racing forward. On the basis of its performance and achievements, experts predict that within the next few years China is destined to become economically the most successful country in the world.

This is incredible because in terms of freedom enjoyed even by an illiterate and poor peasant in India, even an affluent Chinese citizen is less fortunate.

Some may argue that the regimented political system works to China's advantage as the Government does not have to function within democratic norms or follow populist policies. For instance, the Chinese Government can enforce a strict population control policy without the fear of a political backlash. I do not agree with this theory though it has its advantages for a Government. Human being is essentially a free spirit and a free atmosphere is much conducive to human progress.

Then what makes China to pulsate with so much strength



and energy while India comparatively remains enervated? It is the difference between the mass psychologies of the two countries. Mass psychology is nothing but the cumulative projection of individual psychologies.

Given the freedom that we possess, given the talent that most evidently is there, given the advantage of knowledge of English which is the global language of communication and business, we can surge forward and overtake China by leaps and

bounds by making only a slight addition to our basic approach as we make our living.

It is that when we work, we should also work for the country. If every citizen of the country make this slight shift we shall be the proudest people on earth soon because our children will be the citizens of the most prosperous, economically and militarily the strongest nation in the world.

*Pravinchandra V. Gandhi*

(Pravinchandra V. Gandhi)

November 15, 2004

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NOVEMBER 30, 2004



वेदोऽखिलो धर्ममूलम् । वेदो नित्यमधीयताम् । वेदाः वयं वः शरणं प्रपन्नाः । वेदा ये नः परं धनम् ।



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Bhavan's Journal, Fifty years ago

From the pages of Bhavan's  
Journal November 21, 1954

## The Cow in Our Economy

**Dr. Rajendra Prasad**

We should make it (Gosamvardhana Day) a day of dedication to the service of the cow, which is and has been not only a poem of pity, to use the words of Mahatma Gandhi, but also a giver of the nectar of life and dispenser of plenty to us. That service should not merely be sentimental as it very often is. Sentiment has to be associated with intelligence; and service, to be effective and helpful, has to be rendered in a way most suited to present-day conditions. We must not forget that mere sentiment, howsoever deep, is not going to be of much help here. For improving the cattle-wealth of the country, we have to adopt measures so that rearing of cattle becomes economically a sound proposition.

## Soul of the Universe

**Gustaf Stromberg**

When certain nerve cells in the brain and in the nervous systems are stimulated, they communicate with a cosmic source in which all mental qualities are "rooted".

We may say that the nerve cells are at one end of "telegraph wires," through which messages of various types are received. But what is at the other end of the telegraph wires? We know well that the messages we receive are not in the form of dots and dashes, or in some other cryptic script which must be translated into understandable language.

We have every reason to believe that a colour, a feeling, or an idea is transmitted without change in quality from the ultimate



source of all mind to the mind of an individual. The messages may be incomplete and distorted due to our personal idiosyncrasies, but the general type of the messages is unmistakable.

From this it follows that by a study of our own minds we can learn something about a *universal cosmic mind*, which, by definition, is the same as the *soul of the universe*. Long ago mankind gave a name to the ultimate source of all things. Many people call it GOD.

## Notes and News

### Young Andhra

Young Andhra has had her first "licking" in democratic experiment. For failing to implement a report in *toto*, her first Ministry had to pay with its life under tragic-comic circumstances. The legislators went in a merry-go-round chasing the will-o'-the-wisp of power and lost their seat. Surely the electorate knows its mind better, being once bitten, and will brief the right men and women in the next elections.

## Write for Bhavan's Journal

Articles, short stories, poems and anecdotes are invited from our discerning readers. Word count should not exceed 900.

All contributions should be typed, double space. You may send us your contributions in a floppy along with a printout or you may email to [brbhavan@bom7.vsnl.net](mailto:brbhavan@bom7.vsnl.net). in

Writing should be lucid and non-technical. Kindly avoid quotations in Sanskrit in devnagari script; instead please give English translation with transliteration in English, if absolutely necessary.

Send your contributions to :

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NOVEMBER 30, 2004

## Editorial

# Enduring Embodiment of Love

**B**hagwan Sathya Sai Baba, believed to be God in living form by millions of people in India and abroad, continues his mission of spreading hope among humanity despite a crippling physical illness for close to a year.

His birthday, November 23, attracts lakhs of devotees from all parts of the globe to Prashanti Nilayam at Puttaparti in Andhra Pradesh. In an era of skepticism and hedonism, Sathya Sai Baba has remained an inspirer of hope and a messenger of peace and love.

Not since the birth of Jesus Christ over 2000 years ago has one single being in human form carried the message of love with such credibility and grace as the Lord of Puttaparti.

In this age of science and rationality how does one explain the phenomenon of Baba? For the believer the answer is simple. He is God, the all-powerful, all-seeing, all-moving eternal being. Unshakable faith makes the believer free from doubts and misgivings. To believe is to place trust in future and hope for better things to come in life.

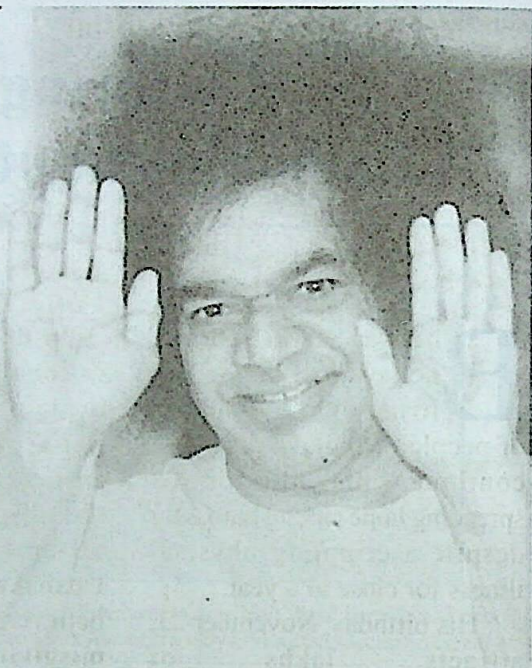
The Doubting Thomas, on the other hand, is mired in confusion. The rationalist demands proof but refuses to accept other people's experiences as proof. The argument that what cannot be proved cannot exist is an old fallacy. What proof does an atheist have to conclusively



establish the non-existence of God?

The debate is as old as the universe. And it is irrelevant. Godliness can be a human attribute. Whoever loves and serves the less blessed around them qualifies to be God. The significance of Baba lies not in whether people believe in him or not. Neither does it lie in periodical performance of 'miracles' like materialising things from nowhere.

Nor does it consist in the belief of devotees that he is a curer of incurable diseases and the solver of unsolvable problems. Undeniably, the crowds attracted to him have based their faith on these very feats and traits of the Baba. They miss the point even if their faith may not be misplaced.



**Sathya Sai Baba**

One need not have to accept Baba as God or his widely acclaimed miracles as real to acknowledge the fact that he is an extraordinary phenomenon who cannot be explained in terms of modern scientific theories and truths.

After all, someone who could bring water to the parched district of Anantpur and materialised two super

speciality hospitals with the latest equipment and the best medical talent to provide free treatment to the victims of deadly diseases cannot be too far away from the abode of God.

But the significance of the Baba lies in his embodying in himself the spirit of universal religion. It's what Sufi Saint Rumi called the religion of love.

"Be certain in the Religion of Love.

There are no believers,

There are no unbelievers,

*Only Love embraces one and all."*

This religion does not have a designated God. Prashanti Nilayam is a perennial confluence of people of all races, religions, nations and colours. Despite assertions that "Truth is one but sages

describe it differently", religions do not really propagate the oneness of humanity. More wars are fought and more people are killed in wars of faith than in wars of territorial conquest.

The life of Baba and his message appeal to people of all faiths only because he offers something that goes above the conflicts of differing religions. To accept Sai Baba, no one needs to forsake his own religion.

The religion of love is not in conflict with the religions of the world. In this season of festivals nothing is more important to India and the world at large than a conscious move to restore faith in humanity and divinity. Sathya Sai Baba shows the way.

**SWEET THOUGHT**

**Sri Krishna Sweets**

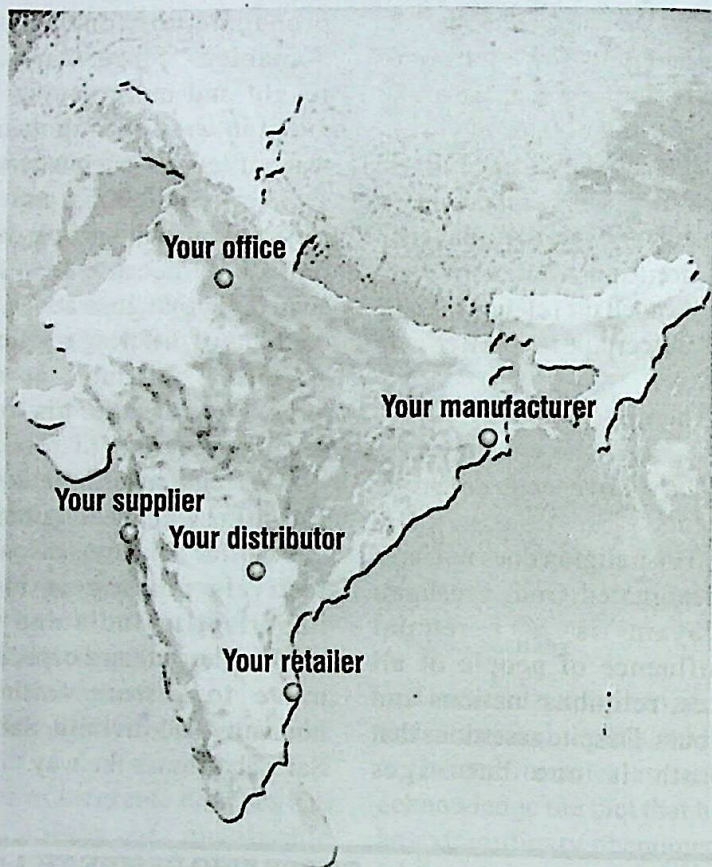
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BY MEN THROUGH ACTION.**

*- Bhagavad Gita*



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# Islam & the Dialogue of Civilizations

Dr. L. M. Singhvi\*

**M**any detractors of Islam who talk only of the so called Islamic fundamentalism and terrorism, ignore the contributions of the people of Islamic faith to art, architecture, trade, commerce, literature, philosophy, science, education and the sense of universal human fraternity. The time has come for a new resurgence and revival in the countries of Islam on the basis of their great heritage.

There are problems which call for solutions in a fair and just manner. I believe that Islam fulfills itself in its attitude of fraternity and in its commitment to justice and not in mindless violence. The world owes Islam

deeper understanding and a just and fair solution of the problems which they face today. The world has no right to impose its values and life styles on the Islamic people: nor can Islam and Muslims resist the onward march of democracy, human rights and the rights of the society.

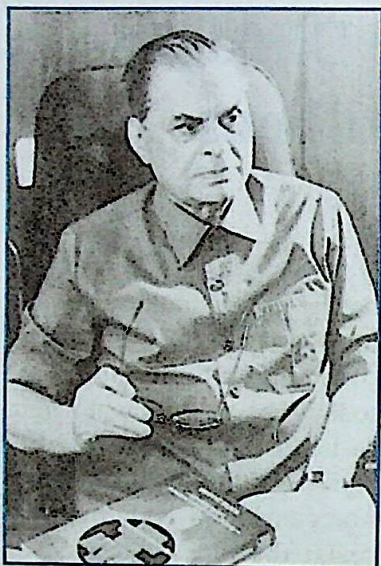
In the fields of diverse arts and literature and more particularly in the field of architecture, Islamic contribution is momentous. The

architectural wonders of the world which bear the Islamic imprint are well known as the tangible heritage of the humankind. Some of them are to be found in Spain, in West Asia



*Dr. L. M. Singhvi*





*Dr Rafiq Zakaria*

and South Asia, and in our own subcontinent.

The heritage of Sufi poetry calls for a world- wide civilizational celebration, although traditional and conventional Islam has never quite accepted Sufism. I submit that it is possible to trace Sufism in its purest form directly to the Prophet himself. Orthodox and conventional Muslims have however rejected Sufism for a variety of reasons, including the Sufi inclination for tomb and

saint worship. The orthodox Muslims often reject Sufism as a deviance from the straight and correct path and disapprove the notion of intermediaries between Man and God.

To most Indians, including many Muslims and to a large sections of Westerners, Sufism and its message of compassion, humility and universal love represent the culture of the heart, and has a deep resonance of spirituality and inspirational value. The message of *sulh-i-kul* of Sufism can build bridges of understanding and reciprocity. We have our own Indian Sufi tradition in India, best represented by Amir Khusrau, Saint Kabir, Bulle Shah, Baba Farid and poets and philosophers both Hindu and Muslim. To the harsh and orthodox critics of Sufism who reject it as un-Islamic, I offer a small extract from a great Sufi master, Junaid of Baghdad who enunciated the eight qualities of Sufi in the following passage.

Says Junaid of Baghdad:

The Sufi has:



Liberality such as that of Abraham;

Acceptance of his lot, as Ismail accepted;

Patience, as possessed by Job;

Capacity to communicate by symbolism, as in the case of Zachariah;

Estrangement from his own people, which was the case with John;

Woolen garb like the shepherd's mantle of Moses;

Journeying, like the traveling of Jesus;

Humility, as Muhammad had humility of spirit

The well-known tale from the *Mathnawi* of the greatest of Sufi masters, Rumi illustrates the deep and mystic spirituality of Sufism. The tale is about a disciple seeking the Sufi path who feels he has mastered it and arrives to announce this to his master. He knocks on the door and when asked 'Who is there?' answers 'I'.

The master says, 'Go away, you have not yet acquired knowledge.' He leaves to return

after he has performed more spiritual exercises, and this time when asked who is knocking, he says 'Thou'. 'Come in,' says the master. 'There is no room for two is in this house.'

To the adherents of different faith traditions which are often at loggerheads and which claim to be prepared to die for their faiths but are not prepared to live for their faith, the following lines of the great Sufi mystic, Ibn Arabi (1165-1240) from Muslim Spain offer a sanctuary of Love as Faith and Faith as Love:

"My heart has adopted every shape; it has become a pasture for gazelles and a convent for Christian monks,

A temple for idols and a pilgrim's Kabah, the tables of a Torah and the pages of a Quran.

I follow the religion of Love; wherever Love's camels turn, there Love is my religion and my faith".

My hope is that Islam will rediscover its lost intellectual dialectic and scientific illumination for its own resurgence and reconciliation



with the emerging multi-cultural global order through its awareness. Then alone will Islam and the Islamic Umma be at peace with itself and at peace with the rest of the world.

Islam must regain its scientific, philosophical, artistic and literary heritage for its own sake and the world must give it the admiration due to it. An enlightened self-perception of itself, its heritage and of the realities of the world may prove to be the new catalyst for Islamic societies to enable them to overcome political and cultural divides. My hope is founded in the scientific rationality and spirituality of Islamic heritage which led Chiragh Ali, Hali and Iqbal (quoted profusely by Dr. Zakaria in his recently published monumental work) to enter and address a plea for introspection, critical self perception and enlightened self-renewal.

Chiragh Ali (1844-1895) who lived in the second half of the 19<sup>th</sup> Century had boldly stated:

'Islam is capable of progress, and possesses sufficient

elasticity to enable it to adapt itself to the social and political changes going on around it. The Islam, by which I mean the pure Islam as taught by Mohammad in the Qur'an, and not that Islam as taught by the Muhammedan Canon Law, was itself a progress and a change for the better. It has the vital principles of rapid development, of progress, and of adaptability to new circumstances.'

This passage from Hali addressed to Muslims has been quoted by Dr. Mushirul Hasan:

"Many caravans have long been on the move. Many more are loading up their burdens. Many more are in agitation at the movement all around them. Many are repenting that they themselves are not on the move. You alone amongst them are still sunk in heedless sleep. Take care, lest in your heedlessness you fail to reach the goal. No longer think your supporters your enemies. No longer think your guides are robbers. Think afterwards of blaming those who give you good counsel, and first



look well into your own homes and see: Are your storerooms full, or are they empty? Are your ways of conduct good, or are they bad?"

Citing Allama Iqbal, Dr. Zakaria concludes:

"The claim of the present generation of Muslim liberals to reinterpret the foundational legal principles, in the light of their own experience and the altered conditions of modern life is, in my opinion, perfect justified. The teaching of the Qur'an that life is a process of progressive creation necessitates that each generation, guided but unhampered by the work of its predecessors, should be permitted to solve its won problems." It is high time Indian Muslims appear as a progressive, forward-looking people and try to solve their problem to repeat what the poet-philosopher of Islam has said, "in the light of their own experience and the altered conditions of modern life."

Referring to the Hindu-Muslim divide in India, Mr. Akbar S. Ahmed, a civil servant

from Pakistan and an anthropologist, writer and commentator on Islamic affairs, has mentioned in his book, *Living Islam: From Samarkand to Stornoway*, "History is never far from the surface in contemporary India ... Newspaper articles and letters constantly cite Aurangzeb as a hero among some Muslims but a villain for most Hindus... Bazaar sociology does not stop with the past; it feeds into the writing and perception of modern history also."

Mr. Ahmed points out that "in Pakistan the Hindu past simply does not exist. Hindus are dismissed as stereotypes, as cowardly and mean. For Muslims, history only begins in the seventh century after the advent of Islam and the Muslim invasion of Sind shortly afterward; the great pre-Islamic civilizations of Mohenjodaro, Harappa and Taxila are hastily brushed over or altogether ignored."

The following observation of Mr. Akbar Ahmed is particularly



noteworthy for its forthrightness, candour and objectivity:

"Those Muslims who stood for synthesis and tolerance, like Akbar and Dara Shikoh, are popular with Hindus but not always so with Muslims. Conversely, those who came to symbolize a strongly defined Muslim identity are most admired by Muslims. Among Hindus, Akbar is probably the most popular Muslim ruler and Aurangzeb the least liked; among Muslims the picture is reversed. For most Muslims, Aurangzeb is a hero and Akbar barely mentioned and then to be dismissed as a near heretic."

Dr. Rafiq Zakaria endorses the logical plea of Shri Tarun Vijay, Editor of *Panchjanya* who urged Hindus and Muslims "to shed their old prejudices and understand the sentiments of each other." Dr. Zakaria exhorts Indian Muslims especially "to acquaint themselves with the spiritual treasures of Hinduism, understand their spirit and inner meanings and shed their prejudices borne out of centuries

of misunderstandings".

It is in the context of the mindsets of such misunderstandings and prejudices between Hindus and Muslims that the unfortunate mental divides and distortions ought to be viewed.

Dr. Rafiq Zakaria has raised many soul searching and crucial issues both for Indian Muslim and for the global Muslim community in his new *magnum opus Indian Muslims: Where Have They Gone Wrong?*

In my opinion, it is a book of crucial significance for all Indians to whom the cause of Indian Unity is dear. Dr. Zakaria has made a monumental contribution to the cause of Hindu Muslim unity. He is passionate in his patriotism and in his commitment to the cause of Indian unity, and Hindu-Muslim amity.

He is dispassionate in his analysis; and compassionate in his perspective of humanity and civilizations.

Dr. Zakaria is singularly articulate and wise. His main



**Muslims must work unitedly, single-mindedly, categorically and without any mental cobwebs and rationalizations to outlaw terrorism and punish terrorists.**

prescriptions for Indian Muslims are in the areas of education, human resource excellence, employment, social adjustments, family planning and political realism.

Says Dr. Zakaria, "Muslim have to discard the ghetto mentality and their archaic and obsolete ways." He suggests giving up the practice of polygamy and triple *talaaq*. He counsels greater attention to family planning and to adjustments with the norms of multi-cultural society and an involvement in the movement for modernization. His sage counsel will do a world of good not only to Indian Muslims but to the global Islamic umma also.

If the Muslims of the world unite resolutely against all forms and manifestations of terrorism,

they would have nothing to lose but the taint of terrorism. Muslims must work unitedly, single-mindedly, categorically and without any mental cobwebs and rationalizations to outlaw terrorism and punish terrorists. They must repudiate the claims of self-appointed groups and individuals to speak in the name of Islam and to indulge in bravado with regard to unpardonable criminal acts of lawless violence.

To write a new civilizational chapter in the global dialogue and to be at peace with itself and with the world, Islam must disown and disinherit those who vulgarize and trivialize Islam and must come to terms with the multicultural ethos of the world community and with the culture of peace, pluralism, human rights, human obligations and the imperatives of the global knowledge society.

It is not so much the reserves and deposits of the black gold in the Islamic countries as the pure 24 Kt. gold of educational excellence and enlightened



Islamic heritage which will help the Islamic countries and communities because it is not wealth but character that provides the stuff of which human progress is made.

I have serious differences with the methodology of Samuel Huntington mainly because he is too West-centered to be objective and impartial. He may not be wrong in pointing out the high propensity of Muslim states and societies to resort to violence. His conclusion that "Islam's borders are bloody, and so are its innards" has become a part of the ritual preface to the thesis which predicates clash of civilizations. Huntington is careful to add that *"many things are probable but nothing is inevitable."*

That clash of civilizations between Islam and other civilizations predicted by

Samuel Huntington ought to be averted for the sake of civilization and humanity and for the sake of Islam and its Umma. The situation is grim and perilous.

It is the duty of the Islamic leaders to ensure that the Muslims of the world join the mainstream Dialogue Among Civilizations. It is equally imperative of other civilizations to ensure that a "pariah approach" and attitude towards Islam are discarded and that the Muslims of the world are assisted to be a part of the ongoing dialogue among civilizations which ought to bring back to them their own sense of civilizational heritage.

*\*(Excerpted from Shri Singhvi's  
Hakeem Abdul Hameed Memorial  
Lecture at the Hamdard University)*

**SWEET THOUGHT**

**Sri Krishna Sweets**

PRODUCERS OF PURE GHEE SWEETS

**HE, WHO SEES INACTION IN  
ACTION AND ACTION IN  
INACTION, IS WISE AMONG MEN,  
HE IS A YOGI AND HE HAS  
PERFORMED ALL HIS DUTIES.**

*- Bhagavad Gita*

# Fragrance of Virtues

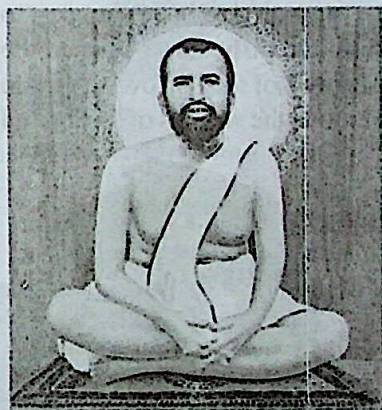
Swami Sudarshananda

*Through the fragrance of virtues  
Learn to make the life perfume.*

*Through truth, non-violence, kindness and love  
Learn to make the mind attune.*

**W**hat are virtues? Why should we learn virtues? Why should we perfume our life through virtues? Do we get any benefit from it? Why shouldn't we practise vices? Don't we see people lead a comfortable life by practising vices? These are some of the vital questions that agitate the minds of men today. Here is an attempt to clear such doubts.

In the *Bhagavadgita*, we find in chapter XVI details about virtues and vices. Fearlessness, purity of heart, benevolence, control of the senses, worship, study of scriptures, austerity, uprightness, nonviolence,



Sri Ramakrishna

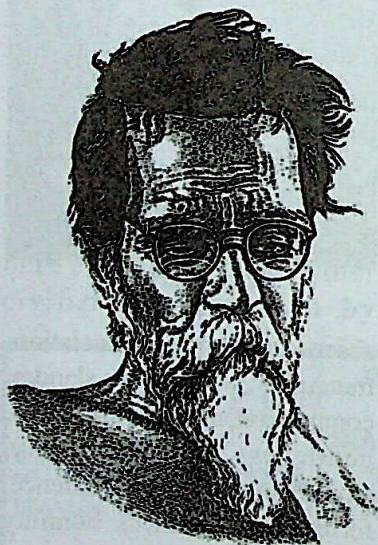
absence of anger, renunciation, tranquility, aversion to slander, compassion, non-covetousness, gentleness, modesty, steadfastness, vigour, patience, fortitude, friendliness, humility – these are the virtues.



Ostentation, arrogance, self-concept, anger, harshness and ignorance – these are the vices.

In the *Bible* we find that sincerity, uprightness, honesty and keeping the commandments are virtues, and arrogance, hypocrisy, duplicity and evil ways are vices.

The *Quran* says that to gladden the heart of human beings, to feed the hungry, to help the afflicted, to lighten the sorrows of the sorrowful, and to remove the wrongs of the injured



Vinoba Bhave



Sarada Devi

are virtues, and to commit fornication, to bear witness to what is false are vices.

To be pure in thought, speech and deeds are virtues of Zoroastrianism, and to be impure in thought, speech and deeds are vices. Right understanding, right thought, right speech, right actions, right livelihood, right effort and right mindfulness are virtues according to Buddhism. Killing, stealing, adultery, lying and taking liquor are vices. Truthfulness, contentment and love are virtues enunciated in



Sikhism and impurity of heart,  
tongue, eyes and ears are vices.

Virtues are divine qualities.  
Our own true nature is divine.  
Virtues are so ennobling that if  
we cultivate them, they will  
perfume our life like  
sandalwood. Its pleasant aroma  
soothes our mind. It cools our  
nerves. We get peace of mind.  
Likewise, virtues magnetize.

We know about the four  
noble brothers of the Ramayana.  
Why do all adore them? It is  
because they were the  
personifications of virtues. Sri  
Ram was truthful. In order to  
keep his father's promise, he  
voluntarily and happily went to  
the forest for 14 years. For him  
his father was like  
heaven – Pita Svarga,  
his father is Dharma  
for him – Pita Dharma,  
his father is all  
penance for him –  
Pitahiparamtapah.

He thought if he  
could please his  
father, he could please  
all Gods – Pitaripritimaparne  
Priyente sarva Devatah.



Subhashchandra Bose

So he endured all sufferings  
in the forest. And the wonder of



Dr. K. M. Munshi

wonders was that  
Bharata for whom the  
kingdom was meant  
did not want the  
crown. It was because  
he was virtuous. He  
was practising the  
noble virtue –  
renunciation.

Nowadays we see  
people greedy for power and  
position. Father kills son and



brothers kill brothers only for power and position. But we saw how noble, dignified and gracious Bharata was! We see Lakshmana accompanied Sri Ram to the forest. And Sita followed Sri Ram.

Swami Vivekananda said, "O India! Forget not that the ideal of thy womanhood is Sita, Savitri, Damayanti ..." They are our ideal because they were the embodiments of purity, chastity, renunciation and kindness. Their lives are perfumed through virtues.

Sri Ramakrishna, Sarada Devi, Swami Vivekananda, Aurobindo, Ramana Maharshi, Netaji Subhash, Vinobaji, Dr. K. M. Munshi, Eknathji Ranade — founder of Vivekananda Kendra, and a host of others perfumed the world through noble virtues.

The vices are diseases of the mind. They drag us down. They make our life miserable.

Don't we see people lead a

comfortable life by practising vices? Their comfort is more apparent than real. Their so-called comfortable life is beset with dangers and apprehensions. Their life hangs between the devil and the deep sea. The possibility of losing their unfair trading hangs over them like a sword of Damocles all through their life. Today they are in palatial residences with dainty dishes and tomorrow their vices

may put them safely behind bars. Do we want such a pitifully comfortable life with vices as our accomplices?

We can best sum up that the contribution of virtues for a noble and ideal life is splendid beyond description. It

is said, "If wealth is lost nothing is lost, if health is lost something is lost, but if character is lost everything is lost." The cultivation of virtues shapes our character. Therefore, the fragrance of virtues is imperishable.



Sree Aurobindo

## Bahuda Concept – IV

# India and the World

B. P. Singh\*

**W**e are living in a period of great turbulence in India, in our neighbourhood and in the world.

Terrorism and insurgencies, sectarian violence and narrowness, politicisation of ethnic, caste and religious ties, and lack of opportunities are causing enormous distress in our society. Pakistan's sponsorship of terrorism as an instrument of State policy against India with the avowed aim to weaken India and to forcibly take Kashmir have caused enormous loss of lives, displacement of innocent persons and loss of property. This has also generated hatred and hardening of attitudes.

Since the last decade of the 20th century, we have witnessed an acceleration in the pace of senseless killings on account of terrorist activities in Jammu and Kashmir and elsewhere.

The Babri Masjid demolition in December 1992 was followed by the Mumbai riots that killed 1,800 people in sectarian violence. The Godhra carnage in 2002 led to another major sectarian violence in Gujarat killing about 2,000 people.

What emerged from the Gujarat incident was an expression of shameless violence and breakdown of the system of rule of law.

The founding fathers of the new Indian State had foreseen linguistic, religious, ethnic and caste conflicts in the country and they had recommended tolerance and called for celebration of diversity. On December 11, 1948, Sri Aurobindo wrote:

“The ancient diversities of the country carried in them great advantages as well as



drawbacks. By these differences the country was made the home of many living and pulsating centres of life, art, culture--a richly and brilliantly coloured diversity in unity; that was not drawn up into a few provincial capitalist or an imperial metropolis, other towns and regions remaining subordinated and indistinctive or even culturally asleep; the whole nation lived with a full life in its many parts and this has increased enormously the creative knowledge of the whole. There is no possibility any longer that this diversity will endanger or diminish the unity of India."

In a similar vein, Maulana Abdul Kalam Azad went on to assert that more than a millennia of common history of Hindus and Muslims have enriched India and said:

"Our languages, our poetry, our literature, our culture, our art, our principles, our manners and customs, innumerable happenings of our daily life, everything bears the stamp of our joint endeavour."

In the present circumstances of India, we have to recognise that the countries and groups which promote religious extremism and seek to advance their cause by way of terrorist training camps and suicide squads are causing immense damage to their own societies and polity. It will impart among children fundamentalist lessons and brutalise every sphere of human activity. It is true that democracies are more vulnerable to terrorism because democratic values inhibit effective anti-terrorist action. Intensive surveillance, curtailment of liberties, restrictions on movements and other such tedious security procedures are highly unpopular in a democracy because they affect the quality life of citizens.

And yet in the long run democracies through their unity and determination prevail over terrorist forces.

In our context, the concept of Bahudha helps us establish that a nation of more than a billion people with a distinguished past




must base itself firmly on the concept of plurality, of multiplicity and of tolerance, if it is to make a powerful impact on the world in terms of its economic, political or civilisational strength. There can be no one way - religions, culture, or linguistic of being an Indian. Pluralism is the founding principle for building a pan-Indian identity.

Every country should command respect in the comity of nations for its uniqueness of character and achievement of its people. India is venerated as a cradle of human civilisation and in the contemporary world also for her skilled scientific manpower, market potential, armed strength and more importantly, as a plural society. We must celebrate the Bahudha philosophy that helps create an environment where pluralism blooms.

*(To be concluded)*

*\*A distinguished IAS officer, who was former Home Secretary in the Government of India. He is now Chancellor, Cental Institute of Higher Tibetan Studies, Sarnath.*



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**PLEASE** make it a mission to speak to atleast one person every day about this sacred project and ensure for us as much of their assistance as possible.

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# Wordsworth and Vedanta

B. M. N. Murthy

**W**illiam Wordsworth (1770-1850), one of the outstanding British poets of the 18<sup>th</sup> century, stands tall even today as a 'spiritual poet' like Coleridge, Shelly and others of the Romantic school of poetry. He was a seer poet for whom poetry was not just a form of literature but an object to elevate the reader from the mundane to the spiritual heights.

Even though there have been several outstanding works in English literature, the West has been rather slow in discovering the hand of the divine in nature.

Tagore quotes Shakespeare and Milton to show that even these greatest poets stopped just at the appreciation of the external features of nature and could not probe further to appreciate the innate



William Wordsworth

divinity in nature. However, Wordsworth who expresses the deepest aspects of English Romanticism endeared himself as a person who could

communicate his vision of nature and the spirit in his poems. Many of his poems are clear expressions of Indian Vedantic thoughts and spiritual insights.

In Vedanta such experiences as



B. M. N. Murthy



meditation, contemplation, trance, vision, truth, etc are of frequent occurrence. If one goes through the poems of Wordsworth it could be seen that they contain such Vedantic thoughts in abundance. Vedanta, besides being a philosophy of thinking, also prescribes an exercise of the mind to realize the Truth through contemplation. Under this condition, the seeker after Truth feels total identity with the sought and consequently is lost to the world of name and form (*Nama* and *Roopa*).



**Swami Vivekananda**



**Ramkrishna Paramahansa**

Wordsworth describes such a condition in one of his poems entitled "The Reverie of Poor Susan":

"She looks and her heart is  
in heaven, but they fade,

The mist and the river, the  
hill and the shade,

The stream will not flow, and  
the hill will not rise

And the colours have all  
passed away from her eyes"

These lines describe the  
Samadhi state of Susan into  
which she has been transported

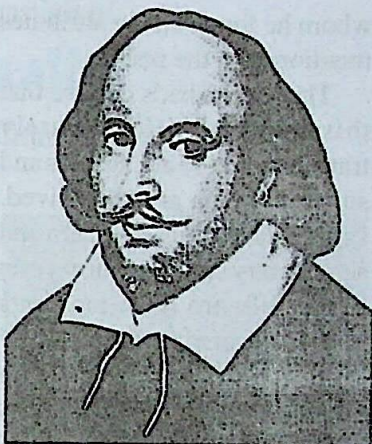
as a result of deep meditation. She has no other thought in her mind except that of heavenly bliss.

Yet in another of his poems – “The Excursion” (1818), Wordsworth shows an apprehension of truth in its spiritual essence where he describes the state of trance (Samadhi) in the following lines:

*In such access of mind  
In such high hour  
Of visitation from the living God  
Thought was not, in enjoyment  
It expired*



**Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore**



**Shakespeare**

*No thanks he breathed, he  
proffered  
No request  
Rapt into still communion  
That transcends  
The imperfect offices  
Of prayer and praise.  
His mind was a thanksgiving  
To the power  
That made him, it was  
Blessed and love!*

This poem narrated and explained by his Prof. William Hastie drove Narendra (who later became Swami Vivekananda), one of the students, to the feet of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa in



whom he found all the attributes mentioned in the poem.

The Upanishads declare that this mundane life is purely transitory and so are the joys and sorrows which are short-lived. Life on earth is just a sojourn and a temporary stay. The noisy years of our life are mere moments when compared to eternity. Only Truth is immortal. Wordsworth conveys the same idea in his poem "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" where he says:

Our noisy years seem moments in the being

Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,

To perish never

As a first step to reach the goal of Self-Realization, Vedanta prescribes solitude. In other words, to gradually withdraw from the din and noise of the ephemeral world and draw oneself to solitude and silence. Wordsworth endorses this philosophical truth in his famous poem "The Daffodils" in the following words:

"For oft, when on my couch I lie

In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye

Which is the bliss of solitude."

The seers of Vedantic wisdom recognized divinity in all the elements of nature such as Earth, Water, Fire, Air and Ether. In fact these were the Vedic gods in the beginning. Wordsworth appreciates this aspect of worshipping nature as an offspring of divinity in his poem "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" in these lines:

"There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,

The earth and every common sight,

To me did seem

Appareled in celestial light."

There are innumerable lines in Wordsworth's poetry that endorse the Vedantic thought and spiritual insights. That is why Wordsworth is called "A Rishi among poets", justifying the age-old Indian adage: *Nan Rishih Kuruthe Kavyam*, none but a seer can create an immortal poem.

## Gandhi Upanishad

# Punctuality

Mathoor Krishnamurthy

**I**t was 1915. Gandhiji then was 45 years of age. He was touring Maharashtra. There was a programme in Miraj. He was about to leave on its completion. But people present wished he spent some more time with them.

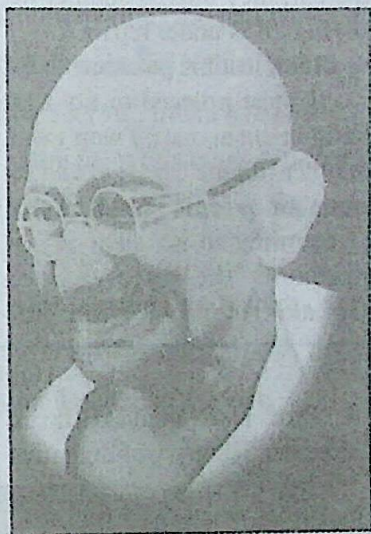
“No, not possible” said Gandhiji.

“Please say yes. Give us some more time”, pleaded the people.

“Impossible”, Gandhiji said emphatically. But the people were adamant. They played a trick. Such things happen some times. They uttered a lie saying “the car that is to take you to the next venue has not yet come”.

The situation has been recorded by Kaka Kalelkar who was present on the occasion.

It was getting late for the next programme. Gandhiji was particular that the programme



**Mahatma Gandhiji**

should start in time. There is a *mantra* which used to be recited and meditated upon in the ancient times, in the age of the Vedas:

*Kaalakaalaya Vidyah  
Mahakaalaya Dheemahi  
Thanno Kaalah Prachodayaat //*

Let sense of time prevails in us. Let us beware of the value of time. I pray to the Lord of Kala



(time) Parameshwara, says the *mantra*. How many of us are time conscious? We have to question ourselves.

When Bapu enquired about the car, they uttered another lie, saying "it is under repair".

Bapu lost his patience.

"I must proceed to my next assignment at once; I won't wait another minute", he said and set out on foot barefooted! (According to Kalelkar it was perhaps the year when Gopalakrishna Gokhale had

passed away. Gandhiji had taken a vow to walk barefoot for the whole year).

The journey was dragging. He was proceeding, crossing the fields. Thorns and pebbles had caused bleeding in his feet.

The people who had played the mischief could not bear the sight. They felt ashamed at their own fault. They begged Bapu for pardon. They showed the correct direction. They also made arrangements to get the car that was fixed for Gandhiji.

### Obituary

Prof. K. P. Vijayakrishnan, Founder Secretary of Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Palakkad Kendra, passed away on Oct. 2, 2004. He was 78. He served as Secretary of the Palakkad Kendra for a period of 13 years from its starting in 1986. He served in different government Colleges in Kerala as a Faculty in the Zoology Dept. and retired as Professor



K. P. Vijayakrishnan

from Government Victoria College, Palakkad in 1982. He was a Member of the Palakkad District Consumer Dispute Reddresal Forum for four years. He lived as a Gandhian throughout his life. He had been associated with various cultural, social and service organisations. He is survived by his wife Leela and daughters Sobha and Sari.

# Rajiv Gandhi - A Documentary on Greatness

P. D. Tandon

It is a personal portrait of Rajiv Gandhi by one who had worked with all the three prime Ministers -- Jawaharlal Nehru, Indira Gandhi and Rajiv Gandhi on intimate terms. Indira's letters to P.D. Tandon have been published in the form of a book--*Indira's Letters To A Personal Friend* and he had long correspondence with Rajiv Gandhi.

The writer here tells how he saved the Gandhi family from the clutches of the Bachchans with the help of a national daily by writing a long article revealing Bachchan's deeds.

**R**ajiv Gandhi wanted to establish a National museum at Swaraj Bhavan. He had formed a committee to submit a report to him in this connection. I was one of its members.

It was suggested that it should be restricted to the Nehrus only. Perhaps, the committee deliberately left out Ms. V. L. Pandit and her family. I was



Rajiv Gandhi



infuriated at this narrow approach of the members. I strongly protested. I wrote a long letter to Rajiv in November, 1988, denouncing the proposal of restricting the National Museum to the Nehrus only.

In it I stated "...To restrict the



**Smt Vijayalakshmi Pandit**

proposed museum only to those few who lived and worked there will give it a deep family touch. It will be a near duplication of Anand Bhavan...other great leaders also, regardless of party affiliations, should occupy their rightful places in this National

Museum. It will be something true to history...let us try to see to it that future historians do not pronounce us guilty of holding doubtful or wrong views in regard to national events which are a vital part of India's history". He was ever eager to consider the views of others.

I remember that once I went in for him a little sharply and felt that it would be the end of our correspondence. But with his usual magnanimity he wrote to me: "My request to you is that you should not hesitate to write to me whenever you feel strongly about any issue.."

A Prime Minister requesting an ordinary citizen to criticise him whenever he felt like doing so was something extraordinary. And Rajiv was really an extraordinarily decent person.

He was a large-hearted man, very warm and understanding. I had often been critical of him in the press and in correspondence, but he never took it amiss.

My one letter had, perhaps, annoyed him and on April 17,





**Amitabh Bachchan**

1988, he had gently expressed his feelings by writing, "I have received your letter of March 31. You have expressed yourself with some vehemence", but in the next sentence he covered it up by writing, "But you always have been forthright".

Rajiv and I used to write to each other rather frequently. I was unhappy that Amitabh Bachchan was badly exploiting his friendship with him and was doing him and the Congress considerable damage.

I wrote to Rajiv on April 21, 1986 and gave instances how Bachchan's behaviour was reflecting badly on him and the

Congress and annoying the people.

I had said, ' Mr. Bachchan is never tired of flaunting his closeness to the P.M. It helps him a little. Ministers, legislators and officials cringe before him. But it does not reflect well on our government or the organisation.... whenever your predecessor was really convinced that a relation or a friend or an officer or a colleague had become a liability to her and a bad reflection on the government, she shook him off, or shook him up to assure the people that she meant business...."

On July 3, 1987, I again reminded him about Bachchan's deeds and told him that Amitabh might not be wholly responsible "for your several painful problems, but certainly his contribution towards them is not negligible." He replied to the letter, but did not mention a word about Bachchan.

It hurt me and I wrote an article about Amitabh's antics. It was very prominently displayed



in a national daily. Along with the piece, they published his photographs which showed him in unsavoury shades and boxed the following from my article. "A. Bachchan, Esq... is introducing unhealthy trends in politics. Instead of *'Vaishnav Jana to Tene Kahiya'*, the superstar regales the most powerful man in the country with *'Tamboo main Bamboo'* with the 'sarkari' band in attendance. Such *'Jashan'* had its echo in UP too. Even on a solemn occasion, at Congress meeting in Lucknow, rumbustuous dances were organised. A Congress 'moghul' circled currency notes around the dancer's head.

The fact is that Rajiv after reading my article had realised that I was not wrong. However, I stopped writing any more letters to him, after he ignored my complaint against Bachchan. After the death of Mrs. V. L. Pandit, his aunt, he had brought her ashes for immersion at sangam, accompanied by her daughter.

I had very close relationship with the Pandits and so I went to Bamrauli aerodrome to receive the ashes, all the time planning not to be seen by Rajiv. However, an old Congressmen, pointing towards me said to him, "Rajivji, P. D. Tandon is standing by the side of that constable there".

As he saw me, he rushed to me, held me by the left hand and he nearly dragged me to the place where the crowd had gathered to welcome him and receive the ashes of his aunt.

I had gone to the airport with Mr. V. P. Singh and Mr. N. D. Tiwari and their car followed the P. M.'s. As the cars stopped he pulled me out, and took me to his boat where the ashes were placed, and the only other person was Mrs. Pandit's noted daughter Tara. He and I sat on a plank of the boat and talked intimately for a while.

I felt that we had resumed our correspondence again. I was convinced that he had realised that my charges against Amitabh were rather correct and I had



**Rajiv was a wonderful human being. His charming smile fascinating manners, his concern for others and his vast humanity drew people to him like a magnet. He was a man of deep dignity. He carried the weight of his fame like a flower. He was proud of his ancestry, but never talked about it, felt a little shy when others referred to it. All this endeared him to his people.**

only tried to help him by bringing them to his notice.

He took me in his car to Anand Bhavan when he returned. He returned to me several times during that short period where he was busy meeting the public. Whenever, he came and stood by my side, the press photographers followed him to take his pictures and did not exclude me.

I was never photographed so many times with any other leader. When he departed he warmly shook my hand. By that time his relationship with Amitabh had almost ended. This is the brief story of my saving Rajiv from Bachchan who could have done damage even to Sonia.

Sometime after Rajiv's death, Sonia got rid of the Bachchans

as she is no nonsense person.

Only about three months back Amitabh was asked by the pressmen, "How is your relationship with Sonia Gandhi?" He promptly replied sharply "Why should I bother when she has shut the doors on me?" The people learnt it with great relief. Never the doors were shut by anyone more justly on anyone than those of Sonia's on the Bachchans.

Rajiv was a pilot and was happy with his job. He did not lose his poise and dignity even when he was under the shades of neglect and his younger brother seemed nearer and dearer to his mother. He wanted to lead a peaceful, domestic life and in Sonia he found a wise and wonderful wife. He entered



politics against his wishes because his mother needed a dependable shoulder.

Rajiv had seen Indira grieving over her father's death. He had watched her mourning her husband's demise. He was a witness to her sorrow after Sanjay's death. He genuinely sympathized with her and in obedience to her wishes, he joined politics. Rajiv's personal conduct in difficult situations was also of a high order.

When Indira was young, she used to take a lot of interest in her children – dramas, theatres, exhibitions and other things.

In 1951, Elizabeth Brunner had drawn the sketches of Indira's children and she used the piece on her greeting card. I got it from an English woman Phyllis Mehrotra and I sent it to Rajiv.

On December 7, 1990, he wrote "Thank you for sending me a copy of the greeting card that Indiraji sent to her friends in 1951. I had seen it earlier, but it was thoughtful of you to send it to me and it did bring back memories. It was nice seeing you

in Allahabad on 5<sup>th</sup> even though the occasion was somber". That day he had brought Ms. V. L. Pandit's ashes for immersion at Sangam.

Rajiv was a wonderful human being. His charming smile fascinating manners, his concern for others and his vast humanity drew people to him like a magnet. He was a man of deep dignity. He carried the weight of his fame like a flower. He was proud of his ancestry, but never talked about it, felt a little shy when others referred to it. All this endeared him to his people.

When Rajiv was busy in the elections, a foreign correspondent had asked him why he was taking so much risk and working so hard when there was a great risk to his life? Most calmly he explained, "I am doing only that much what I did when I was a Prime Minister."

He was a brave, dear comrade with a rare personal charm who steered the ship of the state with fewest mistakes of navigation.

# Indian Culture is wholly integrated

Ravindra Kumar\*

Indian culture is unique and it is virtually a message for humanity as a whole. It bestows human life with above-mentioned characteristics, takes it towards pleasure and prosperity. After that, it directs life unto peace and eternal peace.

‘Culture’ accords knowledge of basic sacraments of the human society or inhabitants of a nation. Through culture, we gain knowledge of all those sacraments of human society or inhabitants of a nation, which guide their lives. If we peruse per point of view of words, we find that culture (*Samskriti*) is derived from the word *samskar*.

Indian culture is one of the oldest cultures of the world; like cultures pertaining to Egypt, Mesopotamia, etc. It portrays its specific identity.

There are sacraments behind

this identity that we find since their inception. We shall inherently get knowledge relating to them if we peruse Indian culture chronologically in its historical perspective.

There are evidences from approximately four thousand B.C. regarding history of India and in context of lives of the people here. This era has also been described as ‘stone age’. It has been stated that Indians were living in the form of tribes. They used to carry out farming and

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cattle rearing. Evidences have been available after carrying out archaeological surveys at various places of today's Pakistan, Chennai, Gujarat, West Bengal, etc. Two things are amply clear on this count : Indians used to live collectively; and they practiced nonviolence.

As we do not get very clear historical evidences of the above mentioned era, we can put these two things in relation to Indians of that time -that is- Indians pertaining to 4000 B.C. had unto themselves sacraments of collectiveness and nonviolence.

Indian history of 2500 years B.C. span portrays the mode or life-style here. This period is famous as Indus Valley Civilization. It is known after archaeological exercises that both the attributes mentioned earlier, were present in their life-style .

Good management, planning and uniformity are visible now. For example, city building was systematic. There is a system that accords safeguard from natural calamities and other disasters. Animal-houses are there. There

are cereal storehouses. Day-to-day commodities are available in plenty. There is language script and religious philosophy as well.

As far as nomenclature for their inhabitants is concerned, the learned-people, subject-experts and historians differ. However, one can assume that these persons were *Dravidians*.

In addition to the sacraments of collectiveness and non-violence in Indians in the era of Indus Valley Civilization we find other sacraments as follows and they clarify their culture.

These are:

Marching towards development; Good management, planning and uniformity; Religiousness; and International cooperation which subsequently incorporated concept of '*Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam*' (This World is a family within itself permanently).

*Aryans* came to India in 2000 B.C. They came from Iran and naturally many sacraments came along with them. They came



**Many old cultures similar to Indian culture are no more alive. But, Indian culture is alive even today.**

here with a culture. *Aryans* possessed expertise and cleverness. They had capability of gaining knowledge.

They had contact with Dravidian culture accordingly. Dravidian culture and its sacraments were without ill effect irrespective of the struggles and acts of torture inflicted by Aryans and Dravidians on each other. Aryans adopted sacraments of Dravidians, such as, non-violence, development-oriented attitude, good management, planning, uniformity, religiousness. It is also true that the attributes of Aryans and of the sacraments that they came with, had great influence on Dravidian culture at that time.

It was the impact of Aryans that usage of rituals, sainthood and faith began in the life of Indians. Era of knowledge

erupted. Comprehensiveness was the key note in worship-method, Philosophy was visualized and it mainly comprehended liberality.

The above attributes of Dravidian culture got intermingled with these attributes and Dravidian-Aryan culture became Indian-culture. Synthesis started from here and subsequently it became the characteristics of Indian culture.

In 4th century B.C. Alexander attacked the Northwestern part of India. He conquered some of the parts. Resultantly, the Greek forces established cantonments in the conquered parts. This factor resulted in mutual impact between culture of Greece and that of India. After that, the governmental cooperation was instrumental towards bringing the two cultures unto union.

In eighth century, Arabs first came to Sindh. They established their rule in Sindh. Naturally; Arabian culture influenced the people of Sindh. Arabs came with Islamic culture. Islamic



culture influenced Indian Culture. Since 12th century, there has been an impact of Islamic culture on India. Today, it is fully intermingled in Indian culture. Brotherhood and internal equality are supreme in Islamic philosophy and so those are integral in architecture, dress and literature, which came with Islam. Many palaces, public places, and private apartments today are evident of mingling of both cultures.

Europeans began to arrive in India in 15-16 centuries A.D. Portuguese, Dutch, French and English have been prominent among them.

India was under the rule of Englishmen for a long time. Naturally, some attributes of English culture, such as, gentleness and time-adherences impacted our lives. Discipline and internationalism, along with the development of education, have been influence of English culture. Unity, transport, communication and political awareness etc. developed and became an integral part of Indian

culture. The Indian culture never abandoned its basic characteristics and patronized all adaptable aspects of other cultures and absorbed them completely.

Buddhist philosophy and other religious thoughts have influenced not only Asia but all regions of the world. Many old cultures similar to Indian culture are no more alive.

But, Indian culture is alive even today. Indian culture is unique and it is virtually a message for humanity as a whole. It bestows human life with above-mentioned characteristics, takes it towards pleasure and prosperity.

The world can learn a lot from Indian culture and its call to assume whole world as a family can be definitely adopted by people all over the world. We must do so: it is in the interest of all. As Indian culture is dedicated to all, all belong to it; as such there is no danger to its permanence or its existence.

It is alive and shall continue to be so.

# Mayavada in Advaita

S.V. Narayanan

**T**he most misunderstood and much-maligned is the doctrine of MAYA in Advaita. The detractors of this concept, particularly the Vaishnavite Goswami sects, even descend to downright abuse of the Advaitins. The critics of this doctrine question "how can the world and its phenomena be termed illusory when we see and feel their reality".

What, then is this MAYA, which forms an important concept of Advaita? Simply put MAYA means broadly, "illusion". The *Svetasvatara Upanishad* proclaims

मायां तु प्रकृतिं द्विधात्  
मायिनं तु महेश्वरम् ॥

("know that nature is MAYA and Maheswara to be the author of it") In ch. XVIII-61 of the Gita, the Lord says

ईश्वरः सर्व भूतानां  
हृद्देशेऽर्जुन तिष्ठति  
भ्रायन्सर्वभूतानि  
यन्त्रारूढानि मायया

गीता १८-६१

("Dwelling in the hearts of all beings, I activate them through MAYA, like puppets, from a machine").

Again, Sankara in his "Mayapanchakam" defines MAYA as the power that reconciles the irreconcilable making unreal things seem real, joining the only one and indivisible Atman which is of the nature of Absolute Bliss with the gross body with all its earthly attributes-

अघटित घटना  
परीयसी माया ॥

In Advaita the traditional example to illustrate MAYA is



the "rope and snake". This is used *ad nauseam* by Advaitins to illustrate the illusory nature of empirical (Vyavaharika) experience, so much so laymen are unable to comprehend MAYA in its entirety as the experience of illusory comprehension from the example is only momentary and does not produce a lasting understanding of this concept. I venture to state here that this MAYA or illusion can best be demonstrated to the modern mind by the proven fact that all beings and inanimate objects like mountains, forests, rivers and buildings on the surface of this earth are rotating with the earth at an incredible speed of 1000 miles an hour and also revolving, round the Sun at a tremendous speed of about 60,000 miles an hour. Does anyone feel this motion at any time?

This, in my view, is the great illusion or MAYA *par excellence* and can well and truly illustrate the MAYA concept. Like the potter, and the pot, and clay the material cause, Brahman had no

material except His Will out of which the Universe was created

सो ऽ तप्यत, सो ऽ कामयत,  
सो ऽ सृजत ।

In other words creation was necessarily a mental act of Brahman. Once this is understood, the doctrine of MAYA comes into being. The Creator who knows that the entire Universe and all objects therein came out of His Will cannot invest His own creation with any sort of reality.

It is like a magician growing a mango tree before our eyes and giving us the fruits thereof to eat, all in a matter of minutes. The magician himself knows there is no tree but an illusion created by him. To a created being like man, the empirical world is a reality and not illusion. But once he realizes his oneness with Brahman and becomes one with Brahman ( ब्रह्मैव भवति ) to him this Universe with names and forms becomes illusory. MAYA is therefore applicable only to a realized soul and not to ordinary humans for whom

**Sankara in his "Mayapanchakam" defines MAYA as the power that reconciles the irreconcilable making unreal things seem real, joining the only one and indivisible Atman which is of the nature of Absolute Bliss with the gross body with all its earthly attributes.**

the world and its phenomena are very much real. In other words, the world is MAYA only from a transcendental point of view and not from an empirical (Vyavaharik) viewpoint.

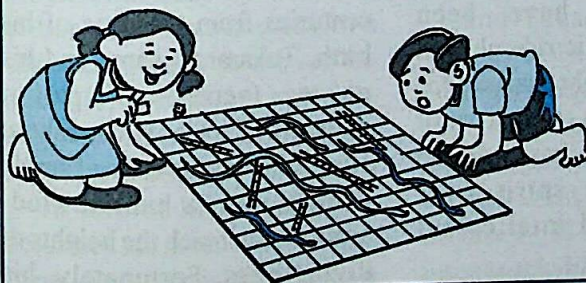
Critics of MAYA-VADA deliberately ignore this crucial

view and go on condemning the concept as foolish.

Thus, the doctrine of MAYA has only a limited application and is unavailable to an ordinary human being. To us, the world is real - To the Supreme Creator, it is illusion, -- so also to the realized soul.

## TRIVIA

**THE** game of snakes & ladders was created by the 13th Century poet saint Gyandev. It was originally called 'Mokshapat'.



The ladders in the game represented virtues and the snakes indicated vices.

The game was played with cowrie shells and dices. Later through time, the game underwent several

modifications but the meaning is the same i.e. good deeds take us to heaven and evil to a cycle of re-births.



## Sant Tukaram: Apostle of Pure Devotion

V. Rajaraman & Milind Gawai

**S**ant Tukaram's life characterizes the ascent of a devotee to God-realisation through the travails of the mind and the heart. The adventure of the spirit is no less interesting than the adventure of the intellect. Common to the two is a one-pointed dedication and an unceasing search, alternated by periods of restlessness, frustration, longing, despair, satisfaction and a whole lot of feelings and emotions true to the seeker but very often to the eyes of outsiders, sheer madness, hallucination and euphoria.

All saints have been subjected to public ridicule and calumny. Their fight against odds has been a battle of their spirit and their triumph has been the victory of the spirit over skepticism, and intellectual vanity.



Sant Tukaram

Tukaram was no exception to such onslaughts on his sincerity and devotion. Even after four centuries from the time of his birth, Tukaram's name and his *abhangs* (verses) are a part of daily worship in Maharashtra. His life stands out as an example of how even a humble God-aspirant can reach the heights of divine bliss. Fortunately, his

*abhangs* provide direct knowledge about his path and experiences to Godhood.

The outpourings of Tukaram in his *abhangs* are a vivid account of the stress and storms he experienced throughout his arduous spiritual journey. And when he reached the end, that is, the experience of Godhood, the conviction with which he spoke was a testimony beyond the 'pale cast of thought and reason'. Ultimately, "to one who believes in God, no proof is necessary and to those who do not, no proof is possible."

It remains a matter of great debate even today why Tukaram has no *samadhi* like one for Jnaneshwar or Namdeo. It is believed by the devout that Tukaram ascended to heaven in his physical body by the Grace of Lord Vishnu who sent him a *vimana*. Could this ever be possible, ask skeptics. If one believes that God is omnipotent, anything is possible.

In one of his *abhangs* he describes his ascent as follows - "See, God comes there with a

conch and a disc in His hands. The eagle, his favourite messenger, comes with ruffled pinions and says to me 'fear not, fear not'. By the luster of the crown of gems on god's head even the Sun fades into insignificance. God has a form blue like the sky, and is infinitely handsome. He has four hands, and down His neck hangs a garland called Vijayanti. By the luster of His lower clothes, the quarters are filled with light. Tuka is filled with gladness that the very Heaven has descended on his house.'

In another *abhang* he bids goodbye to his people saying, 'God Panduranga is standing for a long time and is calling me to Heaven. At the last moment of my life, God has come to take me away.'

And Tukaram disappears with his body. It is evident that Tukaram merged with the divine but in what manner may always remain a point of debate. The life of Tukaram as a spiritual odyssey is heart-rending, unimpeachable in its sincerity



and a testimony to Bhakti or devotion to God at its best.

About the year of Tukaram's birth, there are contrary opinions but it is generally accepted as 1598 A.D. When 15 years old, Tukaram married Rakhumabai but as she suffered from asthma, his father insisted that he marry a second time and Tukaram married Jijabai. Soon, Rakhumabai and her son Santu died during a severe famine, virtually of starvation.

To add to Tukaram's misery, his business suffered immensely and he was forced to sell all his belongings. Driven to despair, Tukaram sought solace in spiritual reading and spent his time singing the praises of the Lord to small groups of people which gradually increased in number.

His wife Jijabai was quite often annoyed by Tukaram's unconcern for his family and had little understanding of Tukaram's moments of divine ecstasy. Tukaram was initiated by Guru Babaji in a dream.

While his popularity increased, it also aroused the

wrath of some scholars and preachers among whom was Rameshwar Bhatt, a learned Brahmin who forbid Tukaram from singing *kirtans*. He ordered that Tukaram's existing *abhangs* in written form be thrown into the river Indrayani. Tukaram implicitly obeyed the order but sat for twelve days fasting on the banks of the river praying for the restoration of his *abhangs*. The prayer was answered on the 13th day. Rameshwar Bhatt then became one of his prominent disciples.

A lot of legends grew around Tukaram. As his fame grew, many approached him for his blessings. Mahipati's *Bhaktalilamrita*, written 125 years after Tukaram's disappearance from the world, mentions a number of miracles that Tukaram performed - such as raising a dead boy to life, making an oil lamp burn for long and curing a dumb boy. Tukaram commanded the attention of Shivaji - the maratha warrior king - who met him to seek his blessings and guidance.



It is not difficult to surmise the kind of influence that Tukaram must have exerted on his people. His *kirtans* attracted the attention of people by their naked simplicity and directness of appeal. His personal life was a lesson in perseverance, in all-embracing love and in spiritual zeal. Hundreds joined him in the singing of his *kirtans* and his frequent visits to Pandharpur, the abode of Lord Vithal, spread his gospel of *bhakti*. Tukaram's beginnings were ordinary and his life ran through the usual course as in the case of most mortal men on earth but a succession of calamities that befell him produced in him a sense of disillusionment with material life, its snares and deceptions. Adversity extreme may turn a man to virtue or vice. In Tukaram's case, it directed him to the search for God.

Tukaram was humility personified. Though born in a family of farmers, he was glad to have been born such for he says, 'Had I been a learned man, I would have brought calamities

on me; would have scorned service to saints;... would have been subject to pride and arrogance...'

When Shivaji sent him gifts, he refused to accept them and in a verse to Shivaji, Tukaram says that to him the King and the ant are alike. 'Gold and clay are to me of equal consequence.' When a brahmin came to him for instruction, Tukaram advised him not to pitch his faith in learning but to take refuge in God by 'emptying his heart of all its innate desires...' 'Invoke the grace of God asking His compassion on you,' he said.

Tukaram records in his *abhangs* the anguish of his mind at not having had a vision of God. While asking for the Grace of God, he thinks of himself as the lowest of the low - 'I am a dog at Thy door. I am sitting like a beggar before Thy House... I am like an evil thing before Thy presence. Save me by Thy power, O God.'

As his longing for God increases, and finding that his long wait has brought him no



vision of God, he blames God for being indifferent to his wails and calls him heartless and cruel that he would dishonour the name of God if he did not appear before him. A dark night that he prayed through is finally illumined by the grace of God and in ecstasy Tukaram sings, 'God shines like a diamond set in a circle of rich jewels. His light is like the light of a million moons.' He experienced a sense of fulfillment, incomparable to anything that the material world can offer - 'I never like anything in this world except the Name of God. Mortal existence seems to me a vomit. Gold and silver are like clods of earth. Jewels appear like stones. Beautiful women appear to me like bears.'

Tukaram advises one-pointed devotion to God by constant repetition of his name with love as it is the easiest way to attain God - 'Thy sweetness of the Name is indescribable... Even God himself wouldn't know the sweetness of His name like a lotus plant does not know the

fragrance of its flower or the oyster shell that cannot enjoy its own pearls.'

Tukaram's *abhangs* chart the pilgrimage of his spiritual quest - his disillusionment with worldly pleasures, his resolve to efface his ego and to commit no more sins, his determination to develop saintly qualities, his surrender at the feet of the Lord, his ceaseless prayer for God-realisation, his periods of depression suddenly enlivened by sparks of hope and finally his boundless joy at the experience of the Divine.

Tukaram was no doctrinaire philosopher. Whatever he said and sang were outcomes of his own experiences. He was an apostle of *bhakti*, pure and simple, untrammelled by any philosophical disquisitions. He sang from his heart. His *abhangs* continue to move people to tears of joy and God-intoxication even today as they did to those hundreds and thousands who sang with Tukaram nearly five centuries ago.

An Imaginary Autobiography of Lord Ganesha  
Secrets of Kundalini-II

# Head Transplantation

K.A.N.Talpasai

As I mentioned earlier, he became livid with my imprudence and my cavalier manners. First of all, there were exchange of burleys. Thereafter it turned out into a spat between us. Soon the situation slipped out of our control. It aggravated into a fierce fight. I stuck to my guns with contumacy. I was duty bound not to allow any intruder inside. I simply followed the given instructions. I ratiocinated guided by the sheer rationale of my duty.

At birth my left hemisphere, the logical and analytical part of the brain was more active. My mother however made my body stronger than the right side. My left-hand *vama hasta* in particular has been recognized as special features of my body

worthy of veneration. One on the encomiums made of me is *Vama hastaya namaha*. The stronger left hand invokes right hemisphere of the mind to serve as right mental equalizer.

At that time I was too callow to comprehend the elementary truth that too much of reliance on the logical mind is pernicious. It is undoubtedly true of what poet *Rabindranath Tagore* pithily observes, "A mind all logic is like a knife all blade, it made the hand bleed that used it".

I understood this bitter truth after I burnt my fingers. It did not bother me to know the identity of the visitor and his purpose of getting inside. I was impervious and obdurate. I thought that she was my exclusive possession. I was not aware that my mother was the



universal mother. I was evidently stuck up with I and mine type of parochial mind-set.

His trident eased out from his hand sheared my head. At *annamaya kosa* level of awareness with inchoate *pranamya kosa*-the intellect which has much to relate to *sushma sareera* was totally incompatible, unsuitable and unfit. As soon as the head was severed the place reverberated with *Omkar*. The fracas caught the attention of my mother. She rushed in post haste and quickly grasped the situation about my egregious encounter with the visitor and the disastrous consequences. On her pleading and persuasion, the magnanimous visitor transplanted an elephantine head and resuscitated me.

Earlier, I was *anakari* (ugly looking). Now I was *Omkar*. If you take the letter *Om* in *devanagari* script and turn it through ninety degrees in the clock wise direction, then it gives the cryptic graphic expression of my face. The central curvilinear

component of the letter represents my *vakra tundam*. The moon like pix on the right side of my *vakra tundam* is representative of false spiritual delight-the moon like cold and comfort the *kundalini* experiences in the milieu of *ida nadi* cool currents.

My mother as well as others who gathered there was pleased with my new form with the new head. I realized that the elephantine head was virtuous and superior to the earlier one in many respects. Firstly, it contained a little of gray matter. It means the power to uprise *kama*, *krodha*, *lobha*, *moha*, *mada* and *matsara* tendencies had been greatly diminished. Secondly, my snout or *tundam* conceals or shuts my mouth that is exactly beneath it. Now I have become reticent by nature. In fact, I require deliberate effort to lift up my snout for speaking.

My snout (*tundam*) is sensitive to *gandha*--smell. Of all the five *tanmatras* or stimuli of *gananendriyas* in the ascending hierarchical order, the



stimulative effect of *gandha* comes first. The stimulus *gandha* is the most distracting factor at *mooladhar kendra*. The stimulus that distracts us from the path of *sadhana* must be subdued by means of meditation on the stimulus producing organ. In this respect, my snout has become an object of meditation for me.

In my new *avatara* I was bestowed with ears, nay-  
elephantine ears. They were the marks of humility. They were ideal receptors. Receptiveness is one of the necessary conditions for a *sadhak* for receiving spiritual instructions or initiation. In my former life, I was only babbling. Now I realized the folly of such empty talk.

In the phenomenal world, the sensual organs of olfactory and auditory get easily stimulated. *Mooladhar kendra* is highly susceptible to these stimuli. Because I was mostly at *annamaya kosa* level of awareness, the stimulus taste is also having considerable effect at *mooladhar chakra*. *Mooladhar kendra*'s four petals

represent four letters. These are VA, SSA, SHA and SA. These sounds are the sounds the *chakra* generates when *ojas*-the spiritual energy, passes through the channels of energy at these *chakras*. All the sounds except the first one originate from the tip of the tongue. Meditating on the taste of the food on the sensation at the tip of the tongue at the time of eating helps in *kundalini* arousal.

My elephantine head was immensely befitting to me to subdue the ill effects of sensual outward drives of smell and hearing so that I can easily advance in my *sadhana* capable of piercing through *mooladhar chakra*.

My usual vehicle is *Mushika*, which helps me to burrow the earth to unearth *sushumna* entrance. Ordinary human beings under the sway of *indriyas* tend to move from the inner - the self to the outer-the mundane world. The *sadhak* with a sense of renunciation moves just in the opposite direction. That is from the outer



to the inner. The vehicle *Mushika* is a great facilitator to me in my *sadhana*. At mooladhar centre, *Siddha Vidya* and I use black elephant as vehicle of our conveyance. In temperament it suites us. It is a *Satvic ahari*. It is docile and its desire for sensual gratification is minimal.

I am destined to function as a transducer for transformation of the un-manifested divine energy in to manifested form; to transform potential energy into kinetic state. The intruder was none other than the great God of Gods Mahadeva-Lord Siva.

It is the un-manifested divine energy of the infinite cosmic potential. This energy is not just available for mortals straightaway as it is in the unmanifested form. It cannot be detected, known and put to use. It is beyond the reach

of anybody to attain it directly.

Mother is the energy in the manifested and in kinetic form. The compassionate mother provides us with her divine energy in the manifested and in kinetic form. She is *Shakti*. I just play my assigned role of instrumentality. I am the facilitator of the union of *Siva* and *Shakti* for the sake of universal welfare (*loka kalyanam*). *Siva* and *Shakti* are two sides of the same coin. One cannot exist without the other. I am the essential link in the scheme of *Siva Shakti* union. The popular pictorial illustration of Mother standing on the corpse of Lord *Siva* explains the recondite spiritual concept of transformation of unmanifested energy into manifested form.

(To be concluded)



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# Action Without Actor

N. Narayana Pillai

At the start of the Mahabharata war, it was by Arjuna's own choice that he had blown the conch; raised his bow and prepared for action. But when he surveyed the heroes arrayed against him, he saw Bhishma, Drona, other elders and relatives, and he was overcome by weakness and began talking of renunciation (of action).

**T**he attitude of one who has surrendered to that divine power is aptly detected in the following poem:

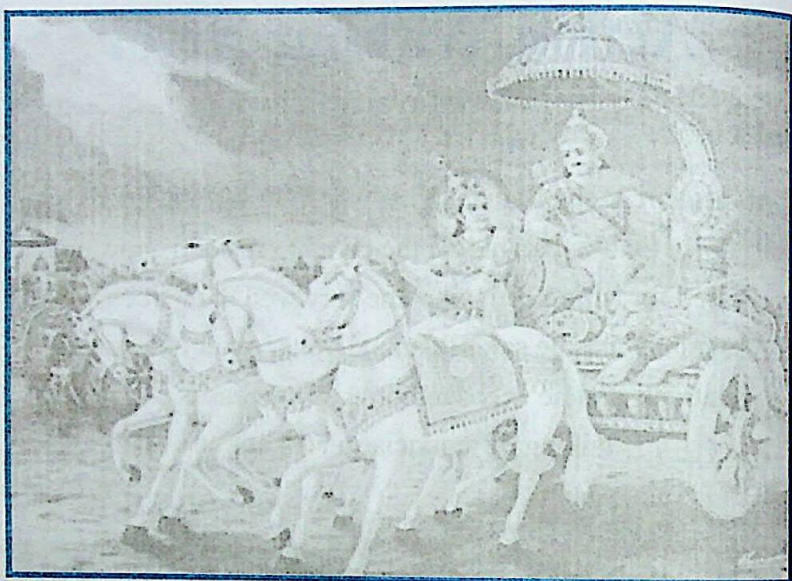
*In days gone by, I used to be  
A potter who would feel  
His fingers mould the  
yielding clay  
The pattern on the wheel.  
And now through wisdom  
lately won  
That pride has died away  
I have ceased to be the potter  
And I have learned to be the  
Clay.*



Sri Ramana Maharshi

Explaining the doer-ship of actions, Sri Ramana Maharshi





Krishna-Arjuna

says, "If one feels one is a doer, one should reap the fruits of his actions. If one enquires 'Who is the doer?' and enters the heart, the doer-ship idea will end. Triple Karma is destroyed. This indeed is liberation".

Sri Ramana Maharshi was asked by a devotee about Karma Yoga.

**D.** What is Karma Yoga?

**M.** Karma Yoga is that Yoga in which the person does not arrogate to himself the

function of being the actor. The actions go on automatically.

**D.** Is it non-attachment to fruits of action?

**M.** The question arises only if there is the actor.

**D.** So Karma-Yoga is Karttvarahita karma -- action without the sense of doer-ship.

**M.** Quite so.

**D.** The Gita teaches active life from the beginning to the end.

**The Lord removed all fears including that of death by giving Arjuna the knowledge of the Self.**

**M.** Yes, actor-less-action.

Again to another devotee he talked

**D.** What is renunciation?

**M.** Giving up the ego.

**D.** Is it not giving up the possessions?

**M.** The possessor too.

At the start of the Mahabharata war, it was by Arjuna's own choice that he had blown the conch; raised his bow and prepared for action. But when he surveyed the heroes arrayed against him, he saw Bhisma, Drona, other elders and relatives, and he was overcome by weakness and began talking of renunciation (of action). He was also afraid of sin and other repercussions of the war.

Lord Krishna found that the renunciation of action by Arjuna was not due to a true mental transformation, but was

due to fear and mental weakness caused by ignorance.

He taught Arjuna that a state of inaction will bring dishonour and ruin in this world and at the same time will not lead him to perfection.

The Lord removed all fears including that of death by giving Arjuna the knowledge of the Self.

Then He established that Self is the Absolute to which one should surrender totally in all one's being, the body, senses and mind - the manifestations of the ego, to which one identifies as Jiva. In such a state, one understands that he is not a doer or enjoyer and the work is carried out spontaneously (actor-less-action).

Self, being the fountainhead and object of love, is to be sought after with supreme devotion. Such devotion of the aspirant adds emotional content (part of his own being) to his intellectual pursuits of the self and helps him to abide as self.



Swadhyaya  
Valmiki Ramayana



स तु तं तादृशं दृष्ट्वा रथं लोकभयावहम् ।  
नाक्षुभ्यत तदा रक्षो व्यथा चैवास्य नाभवत् ॥

*sa tu tam taadrisham drishtvaa ratham lokabhayaavahant  
naakshubhyata tadaa raksho vyathaa chaivaasya naabhavat*

But the demon (Ravana) did not tremble, nor did feel any agitation, even after seeing that the chariot which was very frightening to all people.

NOVEMBER 30, 2004

स तु रावणमासाद्य विसृजज्शक्ति तोमरान् ।  
यमो मर्माणि संक्रुद्धो राक्षसस्य न्यकृन्तत ॥

*sa tu raavanamaasaadya visrijanshaktitomaraan  
yamo marmaani samruddho raakshasasya nyakrintata*  
Yama, after approaching Ravana, became very angry and discharged spears and javelins and began to pierce the vital parts of Ravana's body.

रावणस्तु स्थितः स्वस्थः शरवर्षं मुमोच ह ।  
तस्मिन् वैवस्वातरथे तोयवर्षमिवाम्बुदः ॥

*raavanastu sthitah svasthah sharavarsham mumocha ha  
tasmin vaivasvatarathe toyavarshamivaambudah*  
But Ravana stood firmly and began to shower the arrows on Yama's chariot, like a cloud showers heavy rains.

ततो महाशक्तिशतैः पात्यमानैर्महोरसि ।  
प्रतिकर्तुं स नाशक्नो द्राक्षसः शल्यपीडितः ॥

*tato mahaashaktishataih paatyamaanairmahorasi  
pratikartum sa naashaknodraakshasah shalyapeeditah*

However that demon (Ravana), who was very much wounded with the attacks of arrows etc., could not resist the hundreds of great darts discharged (by Yama) at his broad chest.

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# Ragas and Feelings

T. V. Sairam

**M**usic is a sound organized in an aesthetic sense. Thanks to the involvement of mind, we are able to distinguish music from noise, though both of them stem from sound waves. In other words, it is the mind that makes a sound, music. The human mind attributes a sense or meaning to the sound heard.

For Hegel, the German philosopher, music expresses many nuances of emotion. Our emotions share with music some common traits such as gait, tempo, force, attack, intensity, spread and depth.

Talking about feeling in music is however, not the same as experiencing an emotional dimension within the music. Yet another quality of music is that

it allows freedom to express one's feelings such as joy, compassion, valour, devotion, sensuality, pathos, wonder, anger, fear and peace. It is the song or music that helps in the expression of one's feelings which otherwise may not be expressible.

The system of *Raga*, well known for its emotional appeal is a unique contribution to the world of music by the Indian mind. Unlike in the western system, which makes use of rigid frequencies of the notes, Indian system tends to be more accommodative and includes not only the tones but also their quartertones thus making *ragas* as the miracles of microtones! Every *raga* has invariably an emotional appeal, though it may

**The system of *Raga*, well known for its emotional appeal is a unique contribution to the world of music by the Indian mind. Unlike in the western system, which makes use of rigid frequencies of the notes, Indian system tends to be more accommodative and includes not only the tones but also their quartertones thus making *ragas* as the miracles of microtones!**

be difficult to point out which raga conveys which emotional aspect. The reason is that various factors such as tonal configuration, rhythmic structure, timbre, gait and tempo have a say in the matter. In addition, factors such as literary content, texture, style of presentation and loudness besides the listeners' mental state and moods play an important role in affecting the emotions.

Broadly speaking, certain *ragas* or their passages woven in certain particular rhythmic patterns and tempo do convey a definite emotional appeal for a keen listener. Here, we will examine those *ragas* which convey certain feelings. We will make an attempt to identify those

elements in *ragas* which impinge upon our moods.

**Joyful Raga: *Bilahari* in Fast Tempo:** To start with, let us celebrate joy, an important emotion that makes our lives sunny and bright. Raga *Bilahari* for example, reflects the effervescent joy in good measure when you lace it with a rapid tempo. In essence, the beauty about *Bilahari* lies in the fact that all its notes are agreeable.

It is the quality of rapid 'kala pramana' fused with the melodic structure that creates joy in our mind. In this raga, *Rishabam*, *Nishadam* and *Dhaivatam* are the key notes. The softness and smoothness of these notes in the *Bilahari* with their leaps, turns and shakes do contribute in a



significant way to make this music experience joyful.

This is an ideal *raga* for the morning moods as it evokes courage, confidence and heroism etc, necessary for us to face and withstand the rest of the day. (Try Narayana Thirthar's fast tempo rendering 'Pooraya Mama Kamam' with accompaniments such as *veena*, *violin*, *mridangam*, *kanjira* etc. and observe the joy and sunshine brought about in your mental horizons!)

Compassion-laden *Kaanada* in medium tempo: Now, let's take up '*karuna rasa*' or compassion, referred to, in Indian literature as the greatest of all virtues (*paramodharma*), *Kaanada*, an offshoot of *Karaharapriya* exhibits a gem of a note (*swara*), *gandhara*, which oscillates (*dirgha kampita*). By swinging this delicately, the artiste brings out a magic that envelopes the listeners with special feelings of love and care to take a ready refuge!

**Naata:** The Valour and Pride in the *Raga*: I find *Naata* as the

*raga* which abundantly portrays the 'veera rasa' or the valour and pride. Please try a *taanam* rendering of this *raga* in fast tempo and observe the special note (*Rishabam*) and observe how with its oscillation (*dhirga kampita*), ego and pride of the *raga* could be felt by us!

**Dwijavanti for Devotion or Bhakti:** *Bhakti* (Devotion), an essential ingredient in the Indian culture can be found in many melodies. *Dwijavanti*, an offshoot of *Harikambhoji* has magical *Rishabam* and *Madhyamam* as key notes with special embellishments like *ullasita* (sudden gliding from a lower to higher note without any intermediate notes or similarly from higher to lower notes) and *kampita* oscillations, which fuel devotion and admiration.

**Sensual raga: Khamas:** It is strange that like spirituality, sensuality also involves certain devotion and admiration! *Khamas*, the *raga* often used in *javali*, an erotic form of composition in Carnatic music is supposed to bring in



matrimonial bliss. Perhaps the lyric content of the *javali* and the usage of the note Kakali Nishada go towards making this *raga* sensual or erotic. Watch the love notes of *Khamaas* - particularly those curvatures and intonations one may find in *dhaivatam*, *madhyamam* and *gaandhaaram*. These are the erotic fantasies, that allow wild imagery! A rare *raga* Dhanasri can also be placed under similar category.

Sweetest songs are those... Pathos or *shoka rasa*, a sentiment from which we can never escape from our mundane life, is available aplenty in several melodies. Sweetest songs, says Wordsworth, the English poet, are those that tell of saddest thoughts. One can easily succumb oneself to the sweetness emanating from the sadness poured down by the *raga* Subapanthuvarali. One can try Muthuswamy Dikshitar's composition 'Sri Sathya Narayanam' gently and slowly rendered for its true flavour. The root cause for pathos seems to lie in one of the star notes of the

*raga*, Pratimadhyamam, which shines like a diamond in a necklace of precious stones. May be the gentler the rendering of this *raga*, better would be the effect! Slow phrases, no doubt, pour down the elements of pathos.

**The Wonder Raga: Behag:** The sparkling *raga Behag*, with its dazzling *sangatis*, which employ both *shuddha madhyamam* as well as *prati madhyamam*, and also *kaisika nishadam* as well as *kakali nishadam*, can be easily a wonder *raga*, creating a sense of awe and fascination.

**The Raga of Rage: Atana:** An offshoot of Sankarabharanam, Atana is a *raga* which has in it anger, complaint, querulous traits and what not. In fast tempo, veena or violin can pour down this negative emotion on us. It is curious that to fight the anger in us, we need a dose of this musical anger as well as a real good medicine!

**Fear in Raga Revathi:** On exploring a *raga* that creates a



**Sweetest songs, says Wordsworth, the English poet, are those that tell of saddest thoughts. One can easily succumb oneself to the sweetness emanating from the sadness poured down by the *raga* Subapanthuvarali.**

sense of fear, we land up on Revathi. Here, the elongation of notes *rishabam* and *nishadam* is perhaps the reason for arousing fear. One can even perceive the emotion of valour or *veera rasa* in certain passages of Atana.

In African music, the use of drums by the tribals enables them to dispel their fear about nature, super natural elements and other hostile tribes who encroach upon their territories.

Last, but not least, every one wants peace - a near impossible goal in life! Music however, can guarantee peace diverting the mind of the listener from harsh realities. Take the *raga* Saama, a *raga* of great charm, played in slow tempo which can help us

gain our inner peace by resolving the inner conflicts within us. Please linger on these powerful sounds and find out how these sounds by the virtue of their serenity can prove to be intense.

It is the inner peace that can contribute towards the external peace: a world without wars and a society without tensions.

I want to invite the attention of the listeners to the fact that listening to music is a subjective experience and no specificity can be attached to this unique experience. But it is necessary to have a co ordination of mind and music to obtain best results. It is the feel good factor that is guaranteed in music that contributes to our health.

So feel good and enjoy music. Don't question or try to cerebralise music. Let's go for a music that makes us withstand our negative thoughts and emotions and that helps us spread the message of love and peace to everybody around us.

One final word: If possible, enjoy appropriate music!

# Ethics and Business

S. K. Chakraborty

**E**thics applies to all aspects of human existence. Business is one of them. It is not the final dimension. Once Sri Aurobindo was asked if he would accept money from a businessman for his Ashram. His reply was: 'I do not regard business as something evil or tainted. All depends on the spirit in which it is done, the principles on which it is built, and the use to which it is turned'.

Therefore it is better to put 'ethics' before 'business'. 'Business Ethics' gives a wrong message that there is a separate brand of ethics suited to business. This, in principle, is allowing the tail to wag the dog. This point is valid for other professions as well, e.g., medicine, law, politics,

academics etc.

Years ago, during the Durga Puja in Mumbai, I overheard one gentleman telling his friend: '*Bhai, hum to apne income tax ka pie pie chuka detay hain, aur raat ko chain ki neend sotay hain*' (I pay every farthing of income tax due from me and enjoy calm sleep at night). I went ahead of them and looked back. The person so saying was a film actor. But he was a side-actor, not a hero!

This very simple incident gives an important answer to the question: "Why should I be ethical if it does not pay?" The answer centres around what one means by payoff. The film actor above would have sacrificed a few thousand rupees by paying full taxes. Yet he was able to



attach much higher value to 'peaceful sleep' at night. Existential gain for him was more precious than unethical monetary gain. The former is non-measurable, yet very real.

Once a supplier had delivered on credit a large consignment of consumer goods to a departmental store. For some unknown reason the supplier had forgotten to follow up on payment. The store owner too had forgotten about his liability. After more than a year the owner suddenly discovered the unpaid bill in his files. He asked his son to call the supplier to collect his dues immediately. The son advised that after all it was in the interest of the supplier to chase for payment. Why should they go out of their way to call him? The father replied: 'That is not how honourable people do business'.

This second example once again reveals an existential gain by being "ethically honourable". The father valued 'holding the head high' more than saving on payment due for goods received. Both 'peaceful sleep' and

'honourableness' are intangible but powerful motives for ethicality - provided one has the appropriate upbringing and education.

Rabindranath Tagore had once remarked: 'The higher one climbs on the scale of valuations, the more one discovers that what was earlier considered highly desirable now appears to be worse than useless'.

Ethicality lies at the base of reliability and trustworthiness in human relations. It seems to have been unwise to include the dictum 'caveat emptor' (buyer beware) as a working rule in business. In these days of aggressive, high-speed marketing for an exponentially rising flood of products, most citizens are helplessly ignorant about a whole lot of things. This applies especially to hi-tech items, financial products, etc.

There is therefore a strong case today for giving higher priority to the principle of "seller be honest". Consumer protection laws are now in

**Ethicality lies at the base of reliability and trustworthiness in human relations.**

vogue. But this itself is an admission of the fact that sellers of goods and services are becoming more and more unreliable, unethical.

In any case, Indian culture is inherently allergic to the courtroom atmosphere. Perhaps this is true of most Eastern cultures.

Akio Morita of Sony had once drawn a sharp contrast between the strong fascination for the legal profession in America, compared to the general attitude in Japan that it is a necessary evil. So the role of seller ethicality in a society like India (which is materially poor too) should be given more importance than buyer vigilance.

This reprioritization will be positive contribution to both internal trade and international business for India.

We may now suggest a broad definition of unethicity: 'any

*action by an entity, individual or collective, done intentionally to cause harm or loss to another unaware or defenceless entity, with or without gain or profit to the doer, is unethical'.*

This definition implies the following:

- (a) there are two sides in any situation involving mutual dealings;
- (b) one side tries to gain or win at the cost of other;
- (c) there is a motive or plan to do (b)
- (d) this party or entity is the 'perpetrator' of unethicity; and
- (e) the other party which suffer or loses is a 'victim' of the unethicity of the former.

Now the common man is always heard to lament and complain about being a 'victim' of deception and extortion in almost every sphere of daily life. If we go by this view, then everyone is a 'victim'. But who are the 'perpetrators' then? Are they so few?



Let us take an example. We as passengers are vigorous about being 'victims' of unpunctuality of trains and planes. But back in our own workplace or social sphere do we care about punctuality? Are the majority of us not perpetrators' also?

Similarly, the businessman finds himself a 'victim' in sales tax and excise duty matters. But the same person sells a low quality product in a glittering package. He is a 'perpetrator' too. In other words, it is convenient for us to plead that we are simply 'victims' of unethicity by others.

But the truth is each one of us is both a 'victim' and a 'perpetrator'. We are 'victims' in some contexts to which we are highly sensitive. But we are not sensitive to the fact that we also 'perpetrate' unethicities in other contexts.

'The whole environment is so obnoxious. How can one stay ethical?' - this is the typical 'victim' syndrome. There could well be good practical arguments on behalf of such a person if he /

she is forced to do something unethical in a helpless situation. But can the 'perpetrator' be so exonerated? *Suggestio falsi, suppressio veri* is a common modality of unethical conduct. Blatant extortion is another method. Perpetration of such unethicities happens under no external compulsions.

Instead, they are driven by the inner weaknesses of our character. Numerous are these shortcomings, and they are only too well-known e.g. greed, envy, vanity etc. It is here, in the domain of 'perpetration', that the challenge of unethicity has to be answered first. Examples:

(a) A public enterprise was at one time the only manufacturer of a certain chemical which could be transported in cryogenic Tankers only. Later a dynamic private enterprise also started manufacturing the same product. In order to enter market it hired out at higher rates the entire fleet of only two parties who had such specialized

tankers. The distribution system of the public enterprise ground to a halt.

(b) A few years ago, spectators of a cricket test match were asked to dump their water bottles in a vat by ticket checkers at all gates. They were puzzled. After entering the stands they discovered that a certain brand of bottled cold drinks alone was available! They were compelled to buy these bottles.

(c) An Indian entrepreneur in Sydney was in the business of importing carpets and garments from large parties in India, and selling them in Australia. One day he showed me around his huge godown with huge quantities of unsold stocks all around. All this had happened because the Indian suppliers had

sent goods of a quality inferior to the samples shown before securing the orders. The Australian traders had cancelled their orders with the Indian businessman.

In each of the incidents mentioned above it is quite clear who are the 'perpetrators' and who the 'victims'. Yet there is every chance that these perpetrators could be crying out as victims in other contexts, unable or unwilling to see both sides of the coin about themselves. This could be true in reverse for the victims as well.

How do we all, cultivate the critical self-discipline of introspection?

Reduction of unethicity requires the light of purified introspection (*atmasameeksha*).

**SWEET THOUGHT**

**Sri Krishna Sweets**

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**HE WHO PERFORMS ACTIONS,  
OFFERING THEM TO GOD AND  
ABANDONING ATTACHMENT, IS  
NOT TAINTED BY SIN, JUST AS A  
LOTUS-LEAF IS NOT TAINTED BY  
WATER.**

*- Bhagavad Gita*



# Educating Humanity

Salil Gewali

**I**n this age of sophistication, to make one afford any desired stuff of pleasure and conveniences that satisfy his whim is seemingly a one-pointed goal in life.

It is the much touted education that promises this glitzy world of opulence, entertainment, name and fame. The targeted aims of any wannabe doctor, engineer, politician, model, film star and so on are to achieve a brilliant profession and occupation and reputation and start quenching the thirst for ever insatiable sense gratification till one breathe's their last.

Basic necessities apart, with the success their wants and desires swell up in any form depending upon the mind-set. But, they never find themselves absolutely content.

The definition of education in modern day? Very crisp and direct. Be hot at your chosen area of studies available, the rest will unfold its way for you. No limitation, no restriction, no social stigma nor even inhibition.

Dr. Peter, a widely reputed surgeon of precision, is unkind, ill-tempered. He refuses downright to operate on one who cannot make hard payment. But he is a much-sought after person. He can deal with any organ of your body, so we have legally no right to question his flaws and morals.

In an elaborate study of the science, there is no references and emphasis that he must be morally acceptable before pursuing the profession.

Similar is the case with a lawyer. He can be a dangerously

double standard fox. He may invent crafty schemes in making money out of petty cases. He may make the illiterate and poor his grazing ground. He can prove a wrong as right and vice versa.

So is the case with the educated men of any trade and profession. They are the recognized people of letters and esteemed designation.

There is a colossal number of careers and employments put forth by the education of modern day. Be a star at par with Aishwarya, all the splendour will be at your feet. Or, choose to ape Samantha Fox or Britney Spears to entertain and stir the lust of the global masses. You may burn the midnight oil to acquire the exclusive art of Mariah Carey and practice how seductively you can drive the virile hawk into submission.

Madonna has attained icon status, eccentric Michael Jackson has a great number of die hard fans. Marilyn Monroe and Helen are exemplary figures and a source of inspiration for the glamorous fashionable and

modern. Laloo Yadav though allegedly involved in inglorious activities, is a welcome hero for the Congress. Despite being swarmed with corruption charges, Jayalalitha is Amma for the Tamils, and indispensable for the ruling BJP.

But they are the illustrious and acknowledged personalities and role models for the generation to come.

Yes, thus perspires and stinks the modern world of decadence succumbing to the devilish heat of lust, anger, greed, desire has merrily become blind to the most subtle truths about human psychology, function and behaviour of the five senses which in fact are the fundamental, inevitable and deciding aspect in humans.

To make matters worse, seeing this startling ambience of advanced conveniences and luxury, our so-called academicians became so deluded that they have virtually omitted the moral values from the recipe of education.



Needless to say, Mother Nature sternly requires a man to sensibly control his senses to live a sane and peaceful life or else they (the senses) will drive his mind turbulent rendering him physically and mentally feeble and stressful that may, in course of time, culminate in complete degeneration of the self.

But regrettably, education has apparently never taught us to regulate the senses for self-purification and realization of inner joy. We find ourselves ceaselessly engrossed and obsessed with the thought of sense gratification and desire fulfillment or anxiety, fear, envy and anger. Unable to control the nagging mind, we have increasingly become meek slaves to it. Albert Einstein had warned

us that "Science without religion is lame, religion without science is blind". By religion he meant that which teaches us about the existence of the all powerful Almighty, moral values and significance of humanity.

True education is that which teaches first the ways and skills to control those bullying five senses and mind so that our inherent divine virtues could blossom. Once that is achieved, enlightenment and inner joy would come on their own accord.

Education is the vehicle for self-development, righteous action its fuel, intelligence, the driver, must ply on the road of morality to reach the light of eternal knowledge that opens up the landscape of blissfulness and divinity.

**SWEET THOUGHT**

**Sri Krishna Sweets**

PRODUCERS OF PURE GHEE SWEETS

**THE ALL-PERVADING LORD TAKES  
NEITHER THE SIN NOR THE  
VIRTUE OF ANY; KNOWLEDGE IS  
ENVELOPED BY IGNORANCE;  
THEREFORE, BEINGS ARE  
DELUDED.**

*- Bhagavad Gita*

NOVEMBER 30, 2004

# Become What You Deserve

T. G. L. Iyer

**W**e see advertisements everyday on how to double your investment, but no one advertises how to double your productivity. Research has revealed that if you are 0.1 per cent more productive each day, five days a week, at the end of the week you will be 0.5 per cent more productive. At the end of four weeks, you will be 2 per cent productive ( $4 \times 0.5$ ). At the end of 52 weeks, you will be 26 per cent more productive than you were at the beginning of the year ( $13 \times 2 = 26$ ).

By becoming 26 per cent more productive over a period of one year and continuing to improve by 0.1 per cent per day, you can double your productivity performance and output in 2.7 years. Imagine, how much could be the

improvement in 10 years and 20 years? Of course, the figures shown are theoretical but it can become practical, if the following steps are adopted.

Arise two hours before dawn and read for one hour on the subject on which you have specialised. This is called the 'Brahma Muhurtam' or 'Golden Hours' the most inspiring segment of the day when there is absolute silence and the brain is operating at the optimum. This investment of 60 minutes is highly rewarding and enriching. In fact, artists, writers, thinkers and spiritually-awakened persons, spend these two hours making it as a rudder for the voyage during the day.

Second, rewrite and review your major goals each day, before you start it. Take a few minutes in writing your goals for



the day and write them in the 'present tense' as if you have already achieved them. This is called 'programming' your subconscious mind, to be alert and receive opportunities that come your way all day long. Third, plan every day in advance on the previous night listing all the work you have to do next day, giving them priorities according to their importance.

Fourth, pick up and focus on the most important work to set the rhythm and speed, so that your mind is sensitised to achieve it. Fifth, listen to educational audio-programmes either through a 'Walkman', if you are on a two-wheeler or a tape if it is a car, converting the car journey into a classroom on wheels. This programme is so powerful, that it creates a multifold effect on your thinking and subsequent action.

After every experience ask two questions to enable you to learn and grow. The questions are: 'Did I do it right?' and 'Could I do it differently?'.

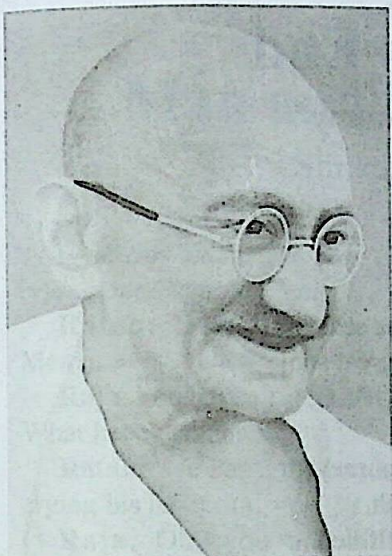
According to the Law of concentration, whatever you dwell upon grows in your experience. Whatever you pay attention to, increases in your life. Whatever you focus on leads to better performance. That way you programme yourself by giving the mind the right inputs and from it you get the right answers each time. It is learning at an 'accelerated rate'.

Treat everyone you meet as a coach, well-wisher and fruitful customer. In fact, that way you are not acting, but you are in the real role of a seller, selling ideas to a customer.

*Orison Swett Marden* put it succinctly: "The best thing about giving of ourselves is that what we get is always much more than what we give. The reaction is greater than the Action".

Have a sense of destiny as whatever you do makes a little mark on the lives of those you impact upon.

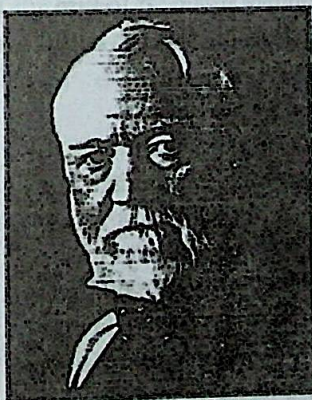
The finest example is Mahatma Gandhi who became



**Mahatma Gandhi**

a barrister, practiced Law, gave up everything and plunged into the freedom movement to end slavery and create a nation of free people who could decide their own destiny.

Leave a legacy making a difference in your life, making it meaningful and purposeful. Herodotus once wrote: "All life is action and passion. Not to be



**Carnegie Andrew**

involved with the actions and passions is to run the risk of having not really lived at all".

Have a vision to achieve something in this world, to leave a mark that you have lived here. Andrew Carnegie, the great steel magnate of America, who started as a penniless day-labourer in a Pittsburgh Steel Plant, sold his steel interests in 1895 for 595 million dollars. Throughout his life, he had a simple philosophy. It was Earn and Burn i.e. make a lot of money and spend it by giving it all away. He was famous for having said: "He who dies rich dies poor in Honour".

In India too Tata and Birla have given away enormous amounts for good causes like Hospitals, Poor Homes and other charitable activities.

It is better to live in the hearts of other people than die among dead wealth.



# Land's End

G. Sivaswamy\*

How Exquisite,  
It is land's end;  
The confluence of three seas,  
And a memorial for a great son!

It's land's end,  
Where began a great journey;  
A great search for Truth,  
And a life's mission fulfilled.

He stood for the cause of India,  
Whereever he went and preached  
His country was dear to him,  
All through his short eventful life.

It's land's end,  
A place of pious quietitude,  
Far from mad multitude,  
A soft sombre solitude

There rises an inner feeling  
In the quietness of the dawn,  
In the quietness of the dusk,  
That life has a meaning and purpose.

---

\*Chairman, Bhavan's Wadakanchery Kendra.

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— NOVEMBER 30, 2004 —

## A One Act Play

**Man and Nature – III**

Shrikant Murthy

*(The boy under the tree is crying once again of hunger)*

**Ratan:** Dear Papa, dear Mama...

**Raja:** You haven't slept son? What keeps you awake?

**Ratan:** See Papa, the boy is crying his heart out.

**Raja:** Oh, you are still thinking of him!

**Ratan:** He's crying of hunger. I am so sorry for him.

**Raja:** It's dead of the night. What can we do?

**Ratan:** But, I can do something about it..

**Rani:** In what way, son?

**Ratan:** May be due to darkness, Papa, you haven't taken notice of me..

**Raja:** What? What's wrong with you, my dearest son?

**Rani:** (Taking a closer look) Oh, my god! What a terrible thing has happened to our child.

**Raja:** Oh! no. How did this

happen, little one?

**Ratan:** Dear Papa, dear Mama, my flight to the village on the hill was safe.

**Raja:** But then, what went wrong during the return flight, son?

**Ratan:** Dear Papa, you see, having spotted the glowing fire and the smoke rising against the sky, I descended exactly at the spot. Clutching a burning twig, I took off. But, the fire flared up in the wind and the flames began to scorch my wings! If I folded my wings, I lost height and when I flapped, my feathers burned!

**Rani:** Oh, my god! It's terrible.

**Raja:** To hell with the fire! Why didn't you drop it below?

**Ratan:** Yes, I thought of it Papa. But, I remembered one more thing you had told me a few days back.

**Raja:** What, my child?



**Ratan:** Even a spark could cause a flood of forest fire.

**Raja:** Oh! my good son! To save the forest, you burned yourself!

**Ratan:** Again, as I was flying over the river, the temptation came back as the flames by then were touching my belly! That's when I recalled what Mama always told me.

**Rani:** What, my dear son?

**Ratan:** Our foremost duty is to take utmost care of the guests that visit our place.

**Rani:** Of course, I said it, but not at this cost, my child. See,



your whole plumage is almost all gone and what remains is...

**Ratan:** My little body that's not worth keeping. So, I had better...

**Rani:** What?

**Ratan:** What's a bird without wings, mother! Wings gone, body half burnt! Each passing minute, the burns are sinking deep into me I doubt I shall see tomorrow's sun.

**Rani:** Stop speaking child, please, please.

**Ratan:** Yes Papa yes Mama it'll be more painful if I die a slow death. I mean I'd rather...

**Raja & Rani:** Stop it, child! It's too much!

**Ratan:** I shall follow what you always told me - in life and in death, we should be of some use to others. Adieu Papa, adieu Mama, adieu, adieu, adieu!

**Raja & Rani:** Ratan! Listen to us. Don't!

*(Ratan comes flying down, flutters round the human family two or three times and then leaps into the fire)*

**Father:** What's this? A bird! How come it fell into the fire?

*(Ratan comes out of the fire and falls in front of the boy)*

**Mother:** Oh! my god! It's dying. But, see! It's probably trying to say something.

**Father:** I think it's the same bird that fetched the fire. Oh! god! Oh god! It's dead! Alas! Alas!

**Mother:** How strange! But, why did it kill itself?

**Father:** I don't know, But, it's sad, very sad.

**Rani:** Oh! my son is gone, shattering all my dreams!

**Raja:** Born only a few weeks before and dead already! But, in fact he didn't die. He sacrificed his life!

**Rani:** In that he has set an example that I shall follow!

**Raja:** Rani!

**Rani:** Yes, my lord. My son was too dear to be lost. As a mother, it's my duty too to serve the guests. So, take care of yourself my lord. It's time for me to depart! Adieu, adieu, adieu!

**Raja:** Rani! Oh, dearest Rani!

*(Rani has already glided down, goes round and round, jumps into the pyre, screeches,*

*leaps out and falls in front of the mother of the human family and dies.)*

**Raja:** Oh! god, my loving son and beloved other self, my Rani, both are gone! Here I am, in this heavenly forest. What if there be luscious fruits berries and nuts for food, streams of water to drink, and infinite sky to fly! No! no! no! All this abundance to naught if there's none I love to share them! What joy in life without togetherness! With wife and son, I had a reason to live! Without them, I have only a reason to die! As a householder, let me too offer the guests a bite of my own self! Dear humans, here I am. (looks around) Oh! now that I have no one to take leave, what do I do? To whom shall I bid adieu? (looking around) Yes, to this lush green forest that has given its colour to my plumage, a safe recluse to innumerable species, farewell I bid! I say "Adieu" to the sun, the moon and the stars and to the star-lit sky. To the mountains and the cool mountain breeze, to the



rainbearing clouds, the rains and the rivers, I say adieu! To my feathered kind, I say farewell, god be with you!

*(Raja too falls into the fire, drops dead in front of the father of the human family)*

**Father:** How incredible! What made these birds to leap into the fire one after the other?

**Mother:** It couldn't be an accident. In all probability, these birds meant to say something to three of us.

**Father:** What you say is true. When our son complained of cold weather, the birdie fetched fire! It fell into the fire when he said he was hungry.

**Mother:** Then the second and the third one! Surely, they mean to say, "Have your food!" But, can we really?

**Rahul:** No! Mummy, no! I'd rather die of hunger, thirst and cold. But, never shall I eat these birds. I don't want these birds to die either. Ask them to rise mummy. I want to sing, play and dance with these lovely birds.

*(Begins to recite with appropriate action and*

*movement)*

*Once I saw a little bird, going hop, hop, hop.*

*So, I cried the little bird "Will you stop, stop, stop"*

*I was going to the window to say: "How do you do?"*

*But she shook her little tail and far away she flew!*

(As the birds are not making any movement, the boy begins to cry)

**Mother:** (with folded hands) Sweet little birds, I am sure, you understand everything. So, do look at us and listen to what we say. Rise and fly again and may be sing a song or two. Your sweet cooings would be music to our ears.

**Father:** Oh, come little birds, your place is in the sky and in our hearts. Dust and ashes are not for you. (pause) Seems they pay no heed to us. They are gone, gone for ever!

**Mother:** Such a sight as this, we can't behold.

**Father:** You are so right! So, put out the fire! In our plight, darkness is preferable to light!

*(To be contd.)*

# Superstitions

L. R. Sabharwal

**S**uperstition seems to determine our lives even before we are born. In our country superstitions and home remedies can be termed good, bad or obnoxious. Our mothers believed that there is a cure for every ailment if you know where to look. And certainly, our ancestors looked in every place, practiced by trial and passed on their discoveries and innovations to future generations.

Hundreds of faiths in charms and omens have been handed down by word of mouth from mother to daughter for generations together with counsel on how to raise a family, run a home or handle a husband. Many fascinating things when told to younger generations amuse and enthuse them. Many sayings of mothers have been lost and many that have survived are in danger of suppression.

Like in the yore, my mother believed in superstitions and home remedies. She had her own favourite remedy for the common cold. Even if the remedy did not cure, it certainly mitigated the misery. A sort of herb '*benefsha*' boiled in water, sweetened with sugar and taken 2-3 times a day and inhaling the steam from a jug of boiling water containing some other herb was a well-tried recipe.

Another home medicine for bad throat is consuming of ginger juice mixed with honey. This recipe is still popular. She had remedies for almost every ailment, like toothache, headache, cold, cough. Onions are known for their great medicinal value. In fact, old ladies were always consulted for experience and wisdom, more specially for their acquired knowledge and dexterity in medicines and health care.



**Some of these superstitions plus many more are prevalent in almost every country irrespective of their technical and economic advancement. Number 13 is universally accepted as 'evil'. Herbal remedies handed down to us by primordial societies are widely used to tackle various ailments.**

People the world over still place their faith in age-old superstitions like if a crow made shrill sound on top of a house, it is a forewarning for an upcoming guest/stranger. In fact many birds when flock together or otherwise, have always been linked with news, good or bad. Many still believe that if a cat suddenly crosses in front of you, it is a bad omen. Dogs howling at night is considered a foreboding for an evil occurrence. Once my mother told me that a picture falling off a wall foretold a

tragedy and that if a clock stopped it meant illness would strike in the family.

Hanging a horseshoe at the entrance of a new house would protect the house against evil spirits. Thumbs had a more unlucky superstition, which perhaps descended from the days of gladiators fighting to the end in the arenas in the Roman Empire. Gladiators fought in the arena for entertainment where winner got 'Thumb up' and the loser got 'Thumb down' meaning death sentence.

There are certain superstitions which have found acceptance almost all over India. If a palm itches either good or bad luck will ensue, depending on whether the hand is left or right. The most popular belief is that if the right hand itches, money will be paid out, and if the left hand itches, money will be received. It is still believed that a person never staying in one place, is said to have itchy feet. On the birth of a child, there is a custom that the baby's lips



are touched with honey or God's name is inscribed with honey on the tongue.

If a child is healthy and attracts praise by a stranger the mother does not reveal the true age of the child; she only gives out the exaggerated age to avoid the evil eyes of the stranger. The mother puts a *kajal* (black) mark on the child's face to protect it from evil eyes. Whenever I walked out of the house, my mother would tell me that I should put the right foot first out with the chanting of Gayatri Mantra, I still follow this.

Look at this superstition: When a person sneezes once, many of us say, that it is for love, if two sneezes then it denotes remembrance by near and dear ones, and if three sneezes, then it supposedly means that the

person sneezing is sick!

On the positive side, people worship, 'tulsi' plant and 'pipal' tree not only that they are deities, but also because they have medicinal value and are beneficial to the environment.

Some of these superstitions plus many more are prevalent in almost every country irrespective of their technical and economic advancement. Number 13 is universally accepted as 'evil'. Herbal remedies handed down to us by primordial societies are widely used to tackle various ailments. Wearing of amulets and stones and chanting of mantras/ hymns to bring good luck and to ward off evil is very common in most societies. People world over resort to occult practices to keep off evil spirits.



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## Historical Novel

# Prithvi Vallabh - 27

Dr. K. M. Munshi

### The Magnificent Fulfillment

**M**rinal waited impatiently for the evening to come.

In this world there are some misfortunes which one can bear with fortitude and there are others which are unbearable. But there is nothing more unbearable than the pain occasioned by impatiently waiting for the beloved.

And that was the pain Mrinal felt at her age for the first time in her life.

She was habituated to being obeyed and to getting her bidding done, but today she felt helpless. Yet the happiness that was hidden in the helplessness and the pain was something she had never before

experienced. She waited impatiently for the evening with the eagerness of a newly married bride.

As soon as the sun had set, she got up, and with a beating heart went out to meet Munj. The soldiers who were guarding the prison-house made way for her as soon as they saw her coming. All Manyakhet had heard the full account of the stormy scenes at court that morning at the ceremony of the washing of the feet.

Everyone was curious to see how this whole business was going to end. The soldiers too were speculating about the outcome and they all agreed that this was an extraordinary situation.



Dr. K. M. Munshi

NOVEMBER 30, 2004

They were not, therefore, surprised when they saw Mrinal come at such an hour to meet Munj.

Mrinal realised that, for the sake of appearances, she must give a really good and plausible reason for her visit. Addressing the sergeant-in-charge, Kedar Dutt, she inquired what the miserable prisoner was doing.

"He is unconcerned. He is sleeping peacefully."

"The wretch! We must teach this man a lesson. We must raise the prestige of Telengana and bring him to his knees," she said and entered the cell. She sounded less determined than before and felt revolted at her own lying pretence.

But her repentance did not last long. As soon as she stepped into the cellar, she heard Munj's voice greeting her: "I knew you would come."

Mrinal's heart jumped for joy. At the sound of that fascinating voice she forgot everything else. She found herself enveloped in the same kind of delirious delight that had

taken possession of her the previous evening.

At the same time, she felt embarrassed and shy. She stood rock-still, her trembling hands tightly gripped.

Munj's smiling face held her transfixed. "Mrinalvati, of what avail is your shyness now? For you there is no escape."

In spite of a great effort, Mrinal could not utter a word. She could not collect her thoughts. She could not regain control over herself. She despised herself for her weakness.

Prithvi Vallabh came up to her with open arms, inviting Mrinal to come to them. "What is the matter with you? Till this moment you were dead. Now you are alive."

Mrinal was startled and moved a step backward, but Munj stepped forward, seized her arm, and, drawing the reluctant Mrinal to him, crushed her in his arms.

Mrinal, the ascetic, approaching middle age, was plunged into a vortex of



emotions: struggling, trembling, overcome with a desire to run away. Yet, suffused with pleasure, she stood in his arms. Munj gave her no choice. He bent down and kissed her.

Mrinal tried to free herself, not sure whether what she was doing was right or wrong, but Munj would not let her go. He smilingly, lovingly, gathered her to his breast as if she were a little child.

"What are you doing?" Mrinal gasped at last.

"Mrinalvati, I am enjoying myself and making you happy too."

Mrinal struggled fiercely to free herself and this time Munj released her. She jumped away and stood at a distance.

Panting for breath, she said, "You are making me sin. You have destroyed in one moment all my life's efforts."

"Mrinalvati, why be hypocritical? Only a sinner can be tainted. Only one who is impure can be soiled. Only the weak need worry about the destruction of the good that they may have done. There can be no

question of a blot on your character or on your purity when you experience simple joy and happiness. That is the real fulfilment of your penances. Until today you were emotionally sick; today you are cured, free. Tell me, had you ever felt such undiluted happiness?"

"How do you know that?"

Munj smiled. "My dear Mrinalvati, one who is free of disease is able to detect a malaise in another. In this short life one must experience happiness, to be able to think of the happiness of others. It is only when you met me and came to know me that you recognised the truth of this."

"Munj, you are wonderful," remarked Mrinal with a gentle smile.

"No, I am experienced; and destiny has sent me here to teach you. If that were not so, why should I be in this prison?" And he once again opened his arms and drew Mrinal to himself.

Mrinal slowly drew near and hid her face on Prithvi Vallabh's

broad chest. She forgot all her vows and beliefs, her embarrassment and repentance, and gave full play to her suppressed feelings.

Munj was as composed as ever. He talked to Mrinalvati, middle-aged and ugly though she was, in the same tone in which he made love to the pretty and passionate maidens of Avanti.

Time passed by, and, as a fresh hour struck, steps could be heard approaching the door. Mrinal realised with a shock where she was and how long she had been there.

"Prithvi Vallabh, I must go."

"Why?"

"If my maids come to know, what will they think? And if Tailap..."

"Let them know. Are we committing a crime?"

Mrinal tried to suppress a smile. "There is no limit to your effrontery." "Why?"

"You do not care for anything--or anybody."

"Why should I? It is the servile and the sinning who need worry. Why should we have to

worry? Have you known the lion and lioness ashamed?"

"You are indeed the Beloved of the Earth."

"That is what I have been telling you and your brother all these years!"

"I had you captured and now I am your captive."

"I knew that would happen."

Someone was attempting to open the doors. She jumped back and demanded: "Who is there?"

Kedar Dutt came in. "Mother, the king is calling you."

Mrinal answered in mock seriousness, "Tell him I am coming. Munj, remember what I told you."

"There is much yet to be done. Perhaps we will meet again," replied Munj with a cunning smile.

A love-tipped arrow was shot from Mrinal's eyes. Munj, the old warrior, experienced in the art of love, caught it nonchalantly with a smile.

With her eyes lowered and her heart overwhelmed with love, the power behind Telengana's throne went meekly out.



Stories of Vikramaditya - 58

## Maha Sura in Devaloka

V. A. K. Aiyer

**I**t has been said that a hundred men can live together; but not two women for a day. Jealousy or intolerance, it would appear, is the hall-mark of the feminine of the species. The Apsara was not an exception. So, she asked the princess in a fierce tone "Who are you? Why are you here?"

"I am Amrita, the prince's sister!" she replied in a tone which betrayed her fright.

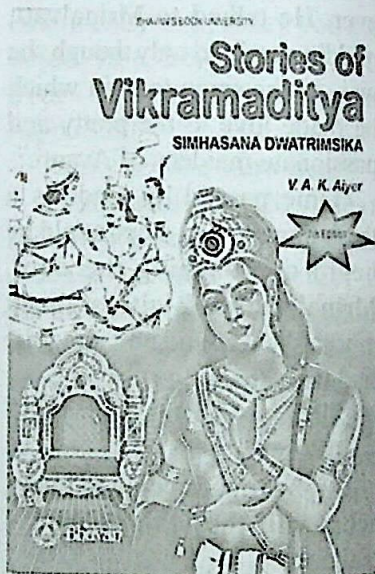
On hearing that, the Apsara appeared to cool down for a while but she worked herself up again to high tension, and demanded: "Did your brother ask you to play on that *veena*?"

"No," replied the princess.

"Where is your brother?" asked the Apsara.

"He is somewhere in the garden," replied Amrita.

"Does he know that you are



here?" again the Apsara demanded.

"No," replied Amrita meekly.

"Give me that *veena*," said the Apsara and wrested the *veena* from Amrita and grinding her teeth, broke the *veena* to pieces and threw it out of the door. Looking at Amrita fiercely

she exclaimed, "Tell your brother that he has lost his love!" and slamming the door walked out of the house on her way to Deva Loka which she reached instantaneously.

Amrita who was dumbfounded by the altogether unexpected denouement, quietly walked home without saying anything to anybody.

When the prince returned to the rest-house, he looked at the way things were lying strewn about in his room and worst of all, the *veena* broken into pieces. His head reeled and he fell down on the floor with a thud.

It took some time before he recovered his senses, and when he did so, he felt he had lost his heart. He surveyed the scene before him with greater calmness and could not for the life of him think of any one who could have done him this mortal harm.

Slowly he bestirred himself and tottered home holding his aching head in both his hands. The royal household when they saw the prince in that condition,

was alarmed. All sorts of persons ran for all sorts of help. But the prince did not care for any and went directly to his bed in his room.

The brothers sat around him and pacified him. In the end the young prince related to them what had upset him.

He asked: "Do you know or have you seen anybody entering my rest-house and destroying the divine *veena*?"

The brothers shook their heads in the negative.

Amrita who was a patient listener to this story felt like the thief stung by the scorpion.

The prince then turned towards her and asked: "Amrita, dear, do you know anything about what happened at my rest-house?"

Amrita who had been feeling guilty all the while, broke into tears and said "I did it all!" amidst sobs.

"What? How did you happen to go there!" asked the others in chorus.

The royal mother went round and hugged Amrita in an effort



to calm her. She did so and then the girl related her adventure in detail ending with her encounter with the Apsara.

No sooner had the narration ended when the prince rose and announced: "I am going straight to heaven in search of my Apsara. If I gain her, I shall return; if I don't this is the last you see of me."

On hearing it, the eldest brother said: "You forget that she lives in Deva Loka where an altogether different order of life prevails. If I were you, I will forget the past and get hold of a beautiful girl from our own class here!"

Others also spoke more or less on the above lines. But the young prince would not listen. So bidding them all good-bye, he collected his magic sword, cane and other things he could, and stepped on to the magic sandals on his way to Deva Loka.

All of them watched him proceeding to Deva Loka tearing through space at breakneck speed.

In a short time the prince

stood at the gate of Devendra's palace where a dance programme on a mass-scale was in progress. Dumbfounded by the glamour of Devendra's Court, the prince stood at the gate eagerly watching the celestial damsels gracefully portraying the great art.

While everyone was busy watching the performance, the *darwans* who happened to notice the prince from afar, first out of curiosity and later with suspicion, tried to drive him out.

Remonstrated the prince: "What makes you prevent me from seeing the dance?"

*Darwans*: "You are a mortal and you have no business to be here."

*Prince*: "What? Do you know how many times your Indra has been saved by mortals?"

*Darwans*: "Oh, man! Watch your words. This is Deva Loka. If you don't restrain your tongue, we shall produce you before our Master for punishment."

*Prince*: "Do, if you can."



Thereupon the servants lodged a complaint with Devendra against the prince for speaking ill of their Master. Devendra, in a fit of anger, ordered a number of rakshasas to go and kill the prince. They came in high glee.

In this melee, the Apsara, sweetheart of the prince, caught a glimpse of him from afar and became genuinely afraid for his life. But she calmed herself subsequently on seeing him come prepared with his magic sword and the rest of them.

The rakshasas came roaring like a sea in an effort to smash the prince out of all recognition. On seeing them all, the prince did not lose heart even for a second, but put out his hands asking them to listen to him for a minute.

"It is meaningless," he said "for you and Indra to attempt to kill me. Why should not a mortal, if he ever can, pay a visit to Deva Loka? I have not been disrespectful to you or your master. Please go and advise him to be reasonable."

But the rakshasa horde hooted at him and started its onslaught. With no other alternative before him, the prince drew out his magic sword and ordered it to kill the entire rakshasa horde which it did in the twinkling of an eye. Blood flowed like river and the carcasses of their bodies constituted a small hillock.

Those who escaped from the sword ran in mortal fright and reported to Indra: "My Lord, the mortal whom you ordered us to kill does not appear to be an ordinary man. He has killed thousands of us and even now challenges that any more of us can come. What shall we do?"

Devendra who was astounded to hear that, thought for a moment and became genuinely interested in seeing such a man. So he came down and walked towards the prince. The latter, on seeing Indra and his senior officials, folded his hands in obeisance before them.

"Who are you, young man, and why have you come here?" asked Devendra.



"Maha Sura is my name. I am the third son of King Dharmaraja and I have come here to see your Majesty on some urgent purpose," replied the prince.

"What can that be?" asked Indra.

Whereupon the prince related his story with reference to the three Apsaras and ended: "I want the youngest Apsara for myself."

"There are fifty lakhs of Apsaras here, but if you can identify your sweetheart, I have no objection to grant your request," replied Indra.

Indra called the three Apsaras and said: "You three have proved yourselves unfit to be in my service after having loved human beings. I order you therefore to follow this young man to the Earth and live as he commands!"

Indra gave the women plenty of jewels and costly dresses to take with them to the earth.

Turning to the prince, Indra said apologetically: "I am sorry I did not reckon your ability when I ordered your killing. I wish you had met me earlier so that the ghastly killing could

have been avoided!"

"Devendra," said the prince, "you need not feel sorry about these, because I shall revive them all now!" So saying the prince touched the dead bodies of all the rakshasas with his magic cane at which all of them came back to life, hale and hearty.

Devendra was greatly pleased by the exploits of the prince, whom, he honoured by presenting with valuable things from Deva Loka.

Followed by the three Apsaras, the prince was returning to Vishnupuri.

But the youngest Apsara was anything but happy, for she thought: "I have broken the *veena* which I had given the prince in a frenzy. I don't know what punishments are in store for me!"

The other two girls, equally worried, were thinking: "Now that we are under the prince, we don't know what punishment he is going to mete out to us for murdering our sister--his sweetheart--out of suspicion."

Bhavan's Book for the fortnight

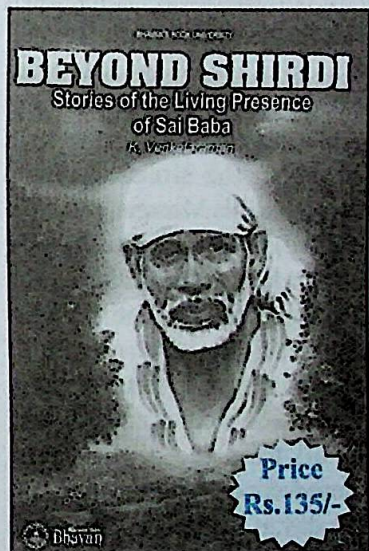
# Beyond Shirdi

## Stories of the Living Presence of Sai Baba

K. Venkataraman

**S**ai Baba illumined this earth in the latter half of the 19<sup>th</sup> Century and the first two decades of the last century. He sanctified Shirdi and made it one of the holiest places in India and a shrine of devout pilgrimage to countless people. Sri Sai Baba created a powerful centre of spiritual awakening and divine life in Shirdi.

The phenomenal spread of faith in Sri Sai Baba throughout India and abroad and its hold on the mass mind naturally roused the curiosity of many to ask the question: Who is Sai Baba? Those who know nothing of this great Guru ought to know something of him. Those with wrong or defective views, should



acquire better and more accurate ideas about him.

Actual knowledge of any kind is good. But knowledge of facts connected with the lives of saints is not only good for the



individual but is beneficial to society. Study of saints' lives gives us not merely information to our brain but food and strength for our heart. It also facilitates spiritual interests of mankind.

By the study of such lives basic ignorance and illusions are dispelled.

When Baba was an unknown fakir, he was ignored and treated by most of the villagers as of no account. One day an incident took place which brought a change in the situation. Baba always had his Mosque, (wherein he lived) lit up with three or four earthen lamps, according to the view common to both Hindus and Moslems that places of worship should be lit up at night.

So Baba went round begging for oil from the oil mongers. There were only two such shops. One day, it struck these mongers that they should make Baba realize their importance or that they should have some fun at his expense and accordingly told him mockingly that they had no oil in stock. Baba had to return to his mosque with his empty oil-

pot. It was already night.

The oil mongers came behind him to see what he was going to do in the darkness i.e. to have some fun.

Baba poured some water from the water-jar (water-jars are always kept in the mosques for people to wash their feet before entering the sacred precincts) into the oil-pot and shaking up the little bit of oil sticking to the pot, drank it up. Then he took pure *aqua* from the water-pot and filled his four earthen lamps with it.

He placed in each of them a cotton wick and struck up a match and lighted it. The mongers thought at first that cotton soaked in water could not possibly be lit up, but to their great surprise, the lamps were lit up and went on burning the whole night!

Consternation seized the guilty oil-mongers and being terribly afraid that Baba having shown himself to be a man of mystic power, might curse them, fell at his feet and prayed for his forgiveness. Baba was the exact



opposite of what they thought.

Baba gave them, with a true motherly heart, wholesome advice which was what they most needed.

First he asked them, 'You really had oil with you when you said, you had none eh?'

The mongers admitted that they had uttered falsehood. The Baba told them never to utter falsehood. Falsehood displeases the God of Truth. There was, therefore, no necessity for Baba to curse them.

He then pointed out to them how unsocial and wicked their conduct was. The lights were needed for the use of all who visited mosque and the public would be inconvenienced if there were no lights. He asked them if they had not come to the Mosque to enjoy the pain which they expected him to ensure while remaining in darkness. The mongers admitted the fact. Baba then pointed out that persons who took delight in others' miseries instead of sympathizing with them would be punished by God.

God is mother to all and loves all equally. If you hurt the child, will the mother be pleased? Thus they had displeased God by coming to rejoice in his supposed miserable plight in the absence of lamp oil. He asked them never again to take pleasure in other's distress. Thus, after giving them excellent pieces of advice, he asked them to go back home.

This incident turned Baba into a hero overnight. The village people started to flock to him and worship him as a divine saint or God, much against his will, with weaving of lamps, throwing of flowers and coloured rice over him and offers of fruit, sandal etc. They declared Baba was their God or Godman, sent to them.

It was thus the *fakir* became the God or Godman of Shirdi.

In this set of Shirdi stories the author Dr. K. Venkataraman presents the incidents in which the devotees had experienced the grace of Baba under trying situations, testifying to them Baba's living presence.



Dr. Venkataraman belongs to a family of Maharshi Ramana devotees. The Bhavan has had the good fortune of publishing his first novel 'The Hill' and it was accepted by the readers wholeheartedly.



K. Venkataraman

The reader will find this volume absorbing both as a collection of short stories and as a portrayal of experiences relating to Baba from the point of view of one person or another.

## Books Received

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p><b>1. In and out of Kutch</b><br/> <b>Author :</b> Dhanji Thakardas Kajaria<br/> <b>Publisher :</b> Bharat Thakardas Kajaria<br/>           B-302 Shyam Krupa, Off<br/>           Eksar Rd., C.K.P. Colony,<br/>           Borivali (W) Mumbai - 91<br/> <b>Pages :</b> 580<br/> <b>Price :</b> Rs. 400/-</p> | <p><b>Author :</b> P. S. Surendiran (Maitreya)<br/> <b>Publisher :</b> Sumathi Publications<br/>           : 4, Karunanidhi I Street<br/>           : Kottur, Chennai - 600 085.</p>  |
| <p><b>2. Devavruksham (Study)</b><br/> <b>Author &amp; :</b> G. Rajagopalan Nair<br/> <b>Publisher :</b> K. G. N. Mandiram<br/>           Kalattur P.O. Pattanamthitha,<br/>           Kerala - 689 694<br/> <b>Pages :</b> 104<br/> <b>Price :</b> Rs. 55/-</p>   | <p><b>5. Shapping India of Our Dreams</b><br/> <b>Author :</b> K. C. Agrawal<br/> <b>Publishers :</b> Knowledge Books Inc.<br/>           P. O. Box 356, Sector 37<br/>           P.O. Noida - 201 303. (U. P.)</p>   |
| <p><b>3. Kadambaree (Playlet in Sanskrit)</b><br/> <b>Author :</b> Pamidighantam Sree<br/>           Raghuram<br/> <b>Publisher :</b> B. G. Satyanarayana<br/>           Seshasayanam Apts. Flat<br/>           No.1, M. V. Iyengar<br/>           St. Govipuram Extn.<br/>           Bangalore - 560 019.</p>   | <p><b>6. Lessons from Life</b><br/> <b>Author :</b> Shashi Desai<br/> <b>Publisher :</b> Creative Publishers<br/>           Adarsh Industrial Estate,<br/>           Unit No. 60, Sahar Rd.<br/>           Andheri (E), Mumbai - 99<br/> <b>Pages :</b> 102<br/> <b>Price :</b> Rs. 150/-</p> |
| <p><b>4. Fundamentals of Religion</b></p>  | <p><b>7. Harinaamakirtanam Ode to Hari</b><br/> <b>Author :</b> Viswanath Kurup<br/> <b>Publisher :</b> Swami Kaivalyananda<br/>           Shri Ramakrishnashramam<br/>           Kayamkulam - 690 502.<br/> <b>Pages :</b> 188<br/> <b>Price :</b> Rs. 75/-</p>                              |

NOVEMBER 30, 2004

## Readers Write

### Evil-tongue

Sir,

This is with reference to your very thought-provoking editorial: 'True Index of Culture is a Civil Tongue' (BJ: Sept. 30).

Isn't it amazing that all those who are using mean and slanderous words are educated persons, holding or having held responsible positions? Is there no one who could call a halt to the vulgarisation of politics and debasement of political discourse? A question may be asked to these traders of abuse: "O' ye 'noble' gentlemen, when all has been said and done, stand before a mirror, and ask, How do the invectives and wounding words help your countrymen?"

**Dr. R. K. Malhotra,**  
New Delhi.

### Important Message

Sir,

October 15th issue contained articles of high standard that one has come to expect of Bhavan's Journal. As an inveterate reader of over four decades, I feel that the article, 'Speech-a way to the heart', has an important message to the youngsters in the context of deplorable decline in the standard of spoken language. A majority of conflicts can be traced to the harsh words used by people.

To reverse this trend, we must cultivate the habit of civilised speech which poets such as Tiruvalluvar have extolled. In this task parents and teachers have a vital role to play.

**C. P. Srinivasan**  
Anna Nagar, Chennai.



### Small is not Beautiful

Sir,

This refers to the article by Shri N. S. Ramaswami (BJ dated September 15, 2004). It is incorrect to assume that smaller States are easier to govern and develop. Indian States are divided into districts, talukas and panchayats each having independent governing bodies, but developmental activities have not gone to the backward regions. This has given rise to crimes and corruption even in village school levels.

Take the example of Goa and Kerala. There is no economic development in these States to sustain self sufficiency. The population of these States depend on financial support from outside remittance. Unless stern action is taken against criminals and corrupt elements, development of any region, is an impossible task. Let us not perpetuate crime and corruption by giving ministerial berths to murderers and money launderers.

-U. N. Han, Kerala

### A Gift from God!

Sir,

*I'm so happy, very happy  
To wish Bhavan's journal for  
The annual-cum  
Independence day,  
Let it be a divine bumper  
issue-2004.*

*The only magazine which  
upholds the ethical and  
moral values of our golden  
heritage.  
I truly did mean it  
And my hurt got in the way.*

*I need Bhavan's  
Journal very much,  
Our hearts are still unbroken  
I only wish we could stop and  
think  
Before these words are  
spoken .*

*To understand life  
and culture of India  
Bhavan's Journal you are to  
me a gift from God  
My lover, my best friend  
My friend , philosopher and  
guide.*

*And I pray to the Almighty  
To give power and motivation  
To all the staff of Bhavan's  
Journal  
To publish it as good as new  
always.*

*M.P.Bhattathiry  
Trivandrum, Kerala*

### **UNESCO recognizes Vedic chanting**

**Sir,**

India welcomes UNESCO recognizing Vedic chanting as among the masterpieces of the oral and intangible heritage of humanity. As a masterpiece, the *karna parampara* of Vedic chanting is undoubtedly *non pareil*, heads and shoulders above others in antiquity, reach, volume, quality of content, laudable objective, faith of billions through millennia, consistent following and eternal currency. Vedic chanting has been in vogue for over ten millennia continuously, had baffled and withstood successfully a millennium of aggression, conquests, slavery and

suppression.

The origin of codified music of all spiritual endeavours of India is traceable only to Vedic chanting and Vedas.

The world body has unfortunately, and unconsciously, fallen into the trap concocted and set in the past by the West of an imaginary Aryan invasion of India, a myth created and consistently foisted with ulterior motives to confuse and confound the people of India and of the world.

'Aryans entered by the Kabul Pass!' is a forgotten exploded false myth. 'Arya' merely meant noble and 'Aryans' were just followers of a noble culture.

The Government of India has to take up this issue with UNESCO and ask it to "rectify the errors that have crept into its document". The world organization would positively agree to proper representation.

*N. Rajagopalan  
Chennai*





*An understanding friend  
for 10 years*



**We have a friend.**

**A friend who understands our troubles and shares our joys.**

**A friend who respects our right to free choice.**

**Who understands that contraception isn't an easy decision for us.**

**That enduring nausea, giddiness and weight-gain isn't easy either.**

**For 10 years, Saheli has been that loyal and understanding friend to lakhs of Indian women.**

**Saheli. It gives us women the confidence to be at our best.**



**Saheli. My trusted friend.**

**A quality product from Hindustan Latex Limited**

**Saheli- the world's first non-steroidal contraceptive pill.**

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# chetana

## ACHIEVER

Priyadarshini Govind

### *Dancing is in her blood*

**P**RIYADARSHINI GOVIND'S Bharat natyam performance at the recently held Montpelier Festival of Dance and Music in France attracted rave reviews.



Though she began dancing at the age of six and had her *arangetram* early, she is actually a late bloomer.

Hailing from a family of lawyers settled in Chennai, Priyadarshini acquired a diploma in Mass Communications, married and had two kids before she took up dancing seriously.

It took time and encouragement from her husband as she was not very clear about her choice.

At 31 she entered this field seriously and today she is a multi award winner- 'Kalaimamani' the highest award of Tamil Nadu, 'Nritya Choodamani', 'Singar-



Mani' by Sur Singar Samsad among others .

She has given performances in different countries including Afghanistan, South Africa, Europe, North America and many other places.

She has conducted workshops for SPIC-Macay and has also done a television serial on dance.

'Dance is not about external perfection. It's something that comes from within,' she says.

She is a stickler for detail and this can be seen in her dress and her ornaments.

Her achievements have not turned her head. She is still a



very humble and devoted dancer.

### Open House-9

Fathers and mothers are both equally responsible for the welfare of their children but mothers are generally considered better when it comes to taking care and looking after the children.

**Can a Father be as good a parent as a Mother?**

Please send your views neatly typed or handwritten in about a hundred words to: **Open House-9**, **Chetana**, **Bhavan's Journal**, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, K. M. Munshi Marg, Chowpatty, Mumbai—400 007.

E-mail: [brbhavan@bom7.vsnl.net.in](mailto:brbhavan@bom7.vsnl.net.in)

All readers are welcome to express their views.

NOVEMBER 30, 2004

## OPEN HOUSE-9

## *Can a Father be as good a Parent as a Mother?*

**CERTAINLY.** In my opinion both mother and father are equally responsible for the welfare of the children.

Usually a mother looks after a child with pure love and affection. She will give him good food but this is not enough.

A father can bring him up to be a responsible person with his love and affection and timely advice.

If a father shows love and affection to a child he will then go on the right path throughout his life.

*Jayalaskhmi,  
Bangalore.*

\*\*\*\*\*

A father can definitely look after his child and teach all good lessons required for a child to grow up into a mature, responsible citizen.

A mother's way of making her child grow up responsibly is different. Both parents are required to bring up a child properly and both have their own ways. This can be seen in day to day experiences.

When a child is sick the mother is emotionally upset and looks after the child with love and affection.

The father, however helps in bringing the doctor and the medicine, fruits etc.

If we peep into a house where there is no mother, one can see the father getting everything ready for the child. He may ring up from his office, come home early or appoint a nanny or guardian for the child.

*Veena Shidhaye,  
Pune*

\*\*\*\*\*



If you ask me, I feel that a father can never be as good a parent as a mother.

He has not carried the child in his womb for nine months, he has not delivered the baby, nor has he fed it. He has not sung lullabies to his child, nor spent sleepless nights when the child is unwell.

Then how can he be as good as the mother? He may financially provide everything, he may even give better house, food, clothing etc for the child but emotionally only a mother can give endless love as she has the experience of having brought the baby into this world.

*Daksha Desai,  
Amravati.*

Both the parents have a significant role to play in bringing up children. Nature has entrusted the mother with certain responsibilities and mother by instinct is best suited for taking care of food and other physical needs.

The father instils a sense of discipline and guides the child in matters like education, career etc. Both parents form a unit to bring up the child in the best way possible.

If one is absent the other has to shoulder the additional responsibilities. For the benefit of the child, both should share the responsibilities.

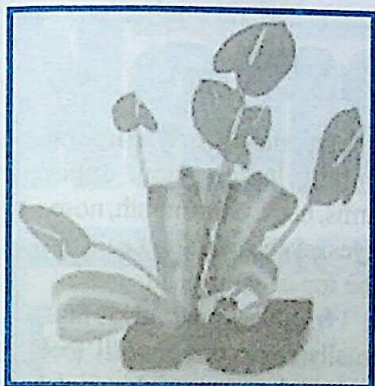
*Parvathy Ayyar,  
Mumbai.*

## *Ikebana - the Art of Flower Arrangement*

IKEBANA is the beautiful and aesthetic art of flower arrangement. The literal meaning is 'flowers kept alive.' Though it originated in Japan, today the

whole world knows about this. Ikebana is much more than merely putting flowers, leaves and branches in a pleasing arrangement.

NOVEMBER 30, 2004



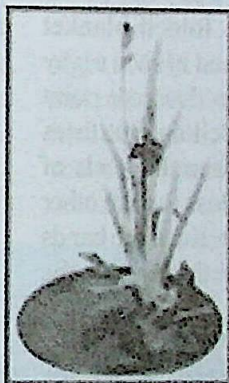
The Japanese love and respect nature, adore her. And Ikebana is considered as important as the art of drawing, painting or embroidery. It is an asymmetrical arrangement where there is perfect coordination and harmony between the materials, the container and the person doing the art.

The person doing the Ikebana arrangement concentrates fully and does it in perfect silence. Only then is perfect beauty achieved.

Ikenobo is the oldest school of

Ikebana and was founded by a Buddhist priest Ikenobo Senkei in the 15th century. He created the rikka style which has standing flowers.

It is a Buddhist expression of nature with seven branches representing hills, waterfalls, valleys and so on arranged in a formalised way.



Today there are about 3000 Ikebana schools in Japan and thousands more around the world.







## SHAVASANA

THE term *shava* means a corpse. In this *asana*, you imitate a corpse.

### Technique:

◆ Lie down on a mat. Place a folded blanket under your head in such a way that your chin does not point towards the ceiling, but faces your chest. Place the heels of the two feet close to each other and toes apart. Keep the hands away from the thighs, with the palms facing the ceiling. Then close your eyes.

◆ Relax your body completely. To do this, clench and release each and every part of your body starting from the tips of the toes and going gradually upwards to the ankles, calves, knees, thighs, buttocks, abdomen, back,

chest, shoulders, fingers, palms, lower arms, upper arms, neck, chin, mouth, nose, eyes, eyebrows, forehead and the top of your head.

◆ When your body is thus totally relaxed, you will feel as though you are sinking into the ground.

Now watch your breathing for around five minutes, initially (gradually increase the duration). This will prevent thoughts from disturbing your mind.

◆ Then slowly bend your legs and gently turn to your right side without opening your

eyes. Bring the knees close to the chest in a foetal position. Sit up slowly, join the palms and then very slowly open your eyes.

**Benefits:** Relaxes the body completely.





# Nandana

STORY

## VOICES IN THE NIGHT

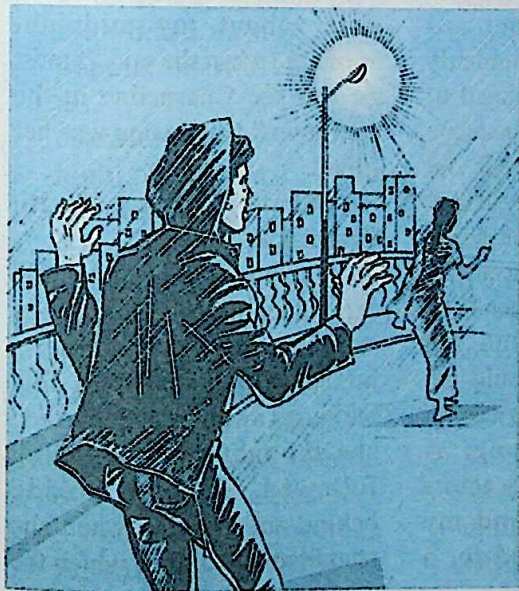
**E**VERY monsoon I'm reminded of an incident that occurred many years ago when I was a young man working at my first job in Mumbai.

I was staying with my sister

in those days. The incident occurred one wet and windy night in July, towards the end of that month. I had been out with friends, and as it happens when you are in pleasant company, the time flew. It was past ten when I

finally bid goodbye to my companions, and it was almost 11.30 when I stepped out of Sandhurst Road Railway Station which was the closest station to my sister's house. From there it was only a short distance home.

It had rained the whole day, and it had begun to drizzle again. The rain had driven people indoors earlier than usual and the dimly-lit street I





was walking along, was deserted. There was not a soul in sight. It was eerie.

I had heard that the road was haunted. They said one could hear a woman calling for help, on some nights. The story was that the woman had been knocked down by a speeding truck and had lain on the road all night crying for help. When they found her in the morning she was dead.

Dilapidated office buildings stood on either side of the street, much of which was in shadow because of the bad lighting. I said that it was deserted, but as I proceeded down it, I suddenly saw a figure walking ahead of me. It was a woman. It made me uneasy. Why was a woman out alone, so late? And why had it taken me so long to spot her if she had been ahead of me all the time? She half-turned her head once as if to look behind, but from that distance, I could not make out her features, or even if she was old or young. A bandicoot chose to scurry across my path just then, and my attention was distracted for a

moment. When I looked up again, the woman was gone. She seemed to have vanished into thin air. Then I heard it, a faint cry for help. At first, I thought I had imagined it. Then I heard it again, and then once again. There was no doubt about it. I was hearing the cries that they said haunted the street. I turned and fled. I stopped running only when I was out of the street. Then I made my way home through a long, circuitous route.

The next morning at breakfast I was about to tell my sister about my midnight adventure when she said, "I must go and see Charmaine in the afternoon." Charmaine was her friend.

"What's wrong with Charmaine," I asked.

"The poor girl had a terrible experience last night. She was returning from her mother's house, which is only a few buildings away from hers when she thought she was being followed. She was looking behind and walking when she stumbled into a ditch which the

municipality people had dug to repair a water-pipe."

"And then?" I said, fearing the worst.

"And then, what? She fractured her ankle and couldn't get out. She cried for help but there was no one around. Fortunately her husband went looking for her, and he found her

in the ditch, moaning in pain."

"What about the guy who was...er.. following her?"

"She heard the coward run away when she began calling for help."

Now every monsoon I'm reminded of my cowardice on that wet night in July.

—LMF



## TAEKWONDO

### □ *What is taekwondo?*

Taekwondo also written as Taekwon do and Taekwon-Do is the world's most popular martial art. It is characterized by high, fast and spinning kicks.

### □ *Where did it originate?*

Taekwondo has its origins in Korea.

### □ *Is it an ancient art?*

The Koreans have an ancient art of foot fighting called Taek Kyon. The Korean general, Choi Hong Hi is

credited with developing Taekwondo by combining elements of Taek Kyon and Japanese Karate.

### □ *How does Taekwondo translate in English?*

Roughly as "the art of kicking and punching".

### □ *Is Taekwondo an Olympic sport?*

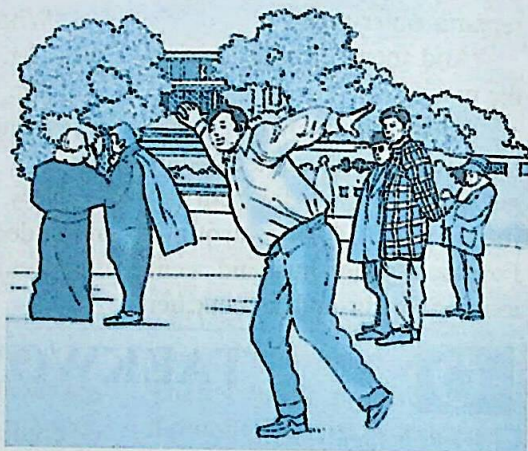
Taekwondo as promoted by the World Taekwondo Federation, made its debut as an Olympic sport in 2000.





# WORLDWIDE

STROUD is a town in Oklahoma, USA, which makes bricks. In 1959, the residents discovered that there was a brick-making town called Stroud, in England too. The two towns established the practice of holding an annual brick-throwing contest. Six members from each side hurled a 5-pound brick, in turn, and the one who threw it farthest was adjudged the winner. Later, two other towns, both called Stroud, one in Australia, and the other in Canada, also enlisted for the event. The Australian Stroud makes rolling pins, so a rolling pin-throwing contest for women was introduced in 1962. The



rolling pin weighs two pounds.

The contest is held on the third Saturday of July each year, in each of the towns. Afterwards, the results are collated to select the winners. The current brick-throwing record, which has stood for 30 years, is 142' 6", and the rolling pin record is 156' 4".

**SWEET THOUGHT**

**Sri Krishna Sweets**

PRODUCERS OF PURE GHEE SWEETS

**HE, WHO IS ABLE TO RESIST THE  
IMPULSE (RUSH) BORN OUT OF  
DESIRE AND ANGER, EVEN HERE  
BEFORE HE GIVES UP HIS BODY,  
IS A YOGI AND HE IS A HAPPY  
MAN.**

*- Bhagavad Gita*

NOVEMBER 30, 2004



## OUT OF THE ORDINARY

## HAIRY MONSTER

IN December 1979, an Australian couple, Leo and Patricia George set eyes on a creature that many people claim to have seen but has yet to be recognized by science: the Yowie.

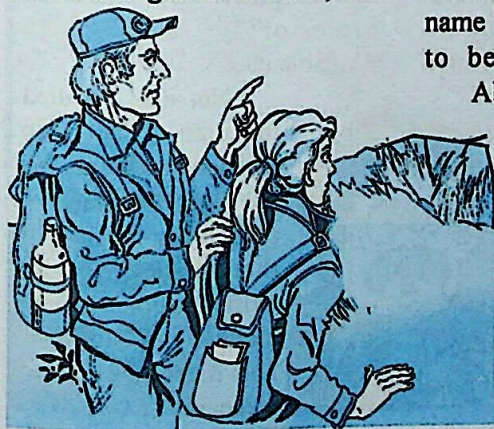
The couple was picnicking in the Blue Mountain region, west of Sydney when they came across the mutilated carcass of a kangaroo. Suddenly they became aware that the creature that had preyed on it was only a few metres away. It was a hairy ape-man, about 3 metres tall. It stared at the Georges for a while, and

then turned  
a n d  
disappeared  
in the forest.



There have been thousands of yowie sightings since the country was thrown open to British settlers in the seventeenth century, though the first recorded sighting dates back only to 1881 when an Australian newspaper reported that several people had seen a baboon-like animal that stood taller than a man. Before the settlers, yowie sightings were made by Aborigines and recorded in their folklore. The name 'yowie' itself, is believed to be a corruption of the Aborigine word, 'yourie' which means 'hairy man-monster'.

Sightings continue to be made practically every month, especially in the Blue Mountain area. A British nurse, Felicia Morgan, who claimed to have encountered the





creature outside her hotel room when she was holidaying in Australia in 1997, said that the yowie, though it smelt horrible and was of a monstrous size, looked almost human, and had sad, frightened eyes.

Despite the numerous sightings not a single convincing photograph of the beast is available. Several expeditions have been mounted to try to capture a yowie, if not in flesh and blood, at least on film, but all such attempts have

ended in failure. The explanation that yowie believers offer is that yowies are intelligent creatures who pull out cameras concealed in trees and bushes, and generally move too fast to be photographed.

There is, of course, another explanation, and that is: the yowie does not exist. It is a figment of imagination like the monkey man that supposedly terrorized parts of Uttar Pradesh some months ago.

#### SIDETRACK

### STATISTICALLY SPEAKING

**GERMAN** war planes frequently bombed Moscow during World War II. Whenever the air raid siren sounded, people rushed to the nearest air raid shelter. One person who never took shelter was a professor of statistics. He argued that there were seven million people in Moscow, and the probability of a bomb dropping on him was extremely small. Then one day he surprised everybody by scrambling

into a shelter along with the other people from his building.

"Lost your nerve, professor?" asked an acquaintance.



"Not at all," replied the man. "But I've realized that bombs do not observe the laws of probability. Yesterday there were seven million people and one elephant in Moscow. Last night they got the elephant." ♦



## Bhavan's News

### Tirupati Kendra

#### Bhavan's building inaugurated

The Bhavan's Sri Venkateswara Vidyalaya's new building in Tirupati was inaugurated by their holiness Sri Jayendra Saraswati and Sri Vijayendra Sankara Saraswati of Kanchi Kamakoti Peetam on October 1. Shri Dhiru S. Mehta, Executive Secretary and

Director General of Bhavan Worldwide, and other dignitaries from Bhavan's various kendras and schools were present.

Dr. N. Satyanarayana Raju, Honorary Director, welcomed the gathering. Shri P. V. Krishna Reddy, Executive Vice-Chairman of Bhavan's Tirupati Kendra spoke. Shri P. Rama Hanuman, Principal, read out the report. Dr. K. Kesava Raju, Honorary Secretary, proposed a vote of thanks. A cultural programme followed.



**Shri Dhiru S. Mehta, Executive secretary and Director General of Bhavan Worldwide lighting the traditional lamp.**



## Educating a Child : 'Joint Responsibility of Parents and Teachers'

-Dhirubhai Mehta

**T**he new building of Bhavan Vidyalaya at Tirupati was inaugurated by the Jagadguru Poojya Sri

Jayendra Saraswatiji, Sankaracharya of Kanchi Kamakoti Peetham and Jagadguru Sri Jaya Vijayendra Saraswati Swamiji on October 1, 2004. Speaking on the occasion, Shri Dhirubhai Mehta,

Executive Secretary, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, said that the

Bhavan "has secured a special niche in the affectionate heart of the Mahaswami of Kanchi and finds perhaps a larger space for itself in the compassionate hearts of both the Jagadgurus who have sanctified this place with their

august presence" at the function.

He said an educational institution was not the building and the facilities it contained.



Shri Dhirubhai Mehta, Executive Secretary, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan with Swami Sri Jayendra Saraswatiji of Kanchi Kamakoti Peetham.

What makes it come alive are the teachers, the students and their parents. "I, therefore salute the teachers" he said.

"There is something more special about the teachers present here today. They are

teachers of one of Bhavan's educational institutions. What is special about them is their responsibility to build character, the responsibility to impart wisdom and the responsibility to ensure that the students imbibe our culture, our traditions, ethics and our values. It is again the teacher who nurtures excellence, enthuses the students to strive and encourages them to make efforts by setting before the students, goals to achieve and help them to achieve them".

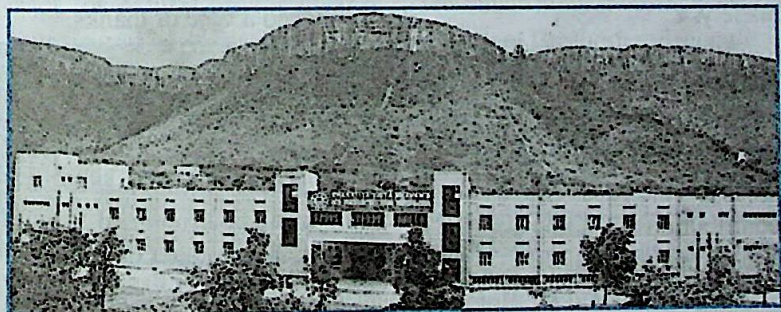
As regards students, Shri Mehta commended to the young audience the examples of two of the most outstanding students--Arjuna and Ekalavya.

Arjuna was a successful and efficient warrior because he

learnt everything that his teacher Drona taught him. "With concentration and application of mind", Ekalavya was in effect a greater warrior. He placed infinite faith in his chosen teacher and acquired great skills by continuous experimentation and relentless effort. He continued to remain a formidable warrior even after he offered without any hesitation his thumb that Drona demanded from him as Guru Dakshina.

"That is the kind of application and effort each one of you should aim at and achieve if you want to reach the top of the Mount Everest of achievement."

Shri Mehta had the following advice for the parents. They



**Bhavan Vidyalay at Tirupati**



should realize that "education is not a process that commences when a student enters a school and comes to an end when he leaves school.

A student learns continuously during every moment he remains awake. Parental duty towards education of their children does not end when they secure admission in school for their children and put them under the care of a teacher. A child constantly observes and absorbs

at home. The skills that develop in a child at home are developed further, expanded and honed in a school. "Education of a child, therefore, is a joint responsibility of parents and the teachers, both of whom are like the two arms of a tuning fork.

When both arms vibrate in unison and in resonance they create the hum that is knowledge in the student," Shri Mehta concluded with reading of a Hindi poem by Nandini Mehta.

### **Smt. Rasikaben Mehta Memorial Lecture**

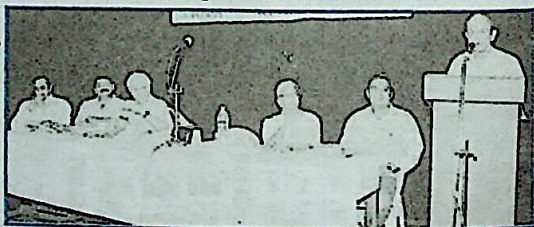
In his lecture for the Bhavan's Rasikaben Mehta lecture, Prof. Bakulbhai Raval spoke on "Bharatiya Nari" highlighting the rich contribution of women to society.

Advocating more active participation of women in economic fields, Prof. Raval surveyed the excellent contribution of leading businesswomen.

He also stressed on the protection and

preservation of moral values in the changing scenario in this age of globalisation.

Dr. H. J. Mehta, who founded this lecture in memory of his wife specially came from Kenya to attend this lecture. Shri G. B. Jani proposed a vote of thanks.



**Prof. Bakulbhai Raval delivering the Rasikaben Mehta Memorial Lecture. Sitting on the dais from (L. to R.) Shri Ketan H. Mehta, Shri Kumar H. Mehta, Shri Jagadish Lodaria, Dr. H. J. Mehta and Shri Girish B. Jani.**

—NOVEMBER 30, 2004—



## Mumbai Head Office

### Puranik wins scholarship

Amrutesh S. Puranik, a Ph.D student of the Bhavan's Swami Prakashananda Ayurveda Research Centre (SPARC), Mumbai, has been awarded the Lady Tata Memorial Trust scholarship for 2004-2005.

Dr. Jayashree Joshi from Bhavan's SPARC, Mumbai, attended the 13<sup>th</sup> Prof. P. K. Devi Oration September 19 at Chandigarh. Dr. Ashok D. B. Vaidya, Medical and Research Director, was invited by MR4 (Malaria Research and Reference Reagent Resource Centre) to talk on "Reverse pharmacology fast tract for natural products" at a meeting of International Cooperative Biodiversity Groups at Bethesda in the U.S. on October 12 and 13.

### Interfaith Meeting

An Interfaith sharing and fellowship was organized to mark Mahatma Gandhi's Birth Anniversary by the Department



Amrutesh S.  
Puranik

of Inter-Religious Studies, St. Xavier's College, Mumbai. Dr. Lancy Prabhu spoke on the concept of non-violence. The topic was "Can the Mahatma's dream of Ahimsa be realized in practice today?"

### Religion and Peace

The Centre for Study of Society & Secularism and Jagruti Kendra, Mumbai organised an Inter-Faith Dialogue on "Religion & Peace" at St. Jude's School, Mumbai. Rev. Fr. Barthol Machado welcomed the guests. The Chairperson was Dr. Asghar Ali Engineer, Chairman CSSS. Prof. S. A. Upadhyaya of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan said Hinduism aims at World-Family, universal Brotherhood, equality, tolerance and peace. Dr. Kokila Shah, Prof. Meshram and Rev. Fr. S. M. Michael spoke from the Jain, Buddhist and Christian perspectives. Interesting points were discussed in the Open House session at the end of the lectures.



## Bangalore Kendra

### Special lecture held

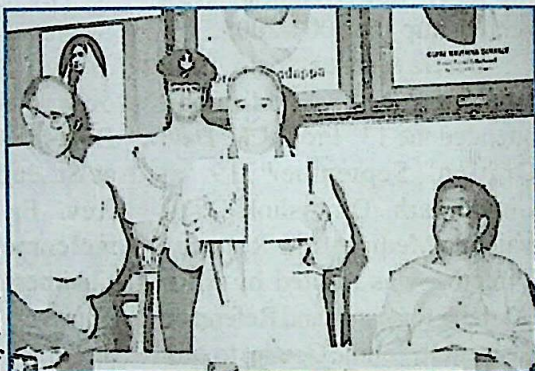
The Bhavan's Gandhi Centre of Science and Human Values, Bangalore, arranged a special lecture by Shri Hiremagalur Kannan on September 1 at the ESV Hall, Bhavan, Bangalore, on "Baligondu Belaku" (Light for Life). The speaker extensively quoted from ancient and modern literature and also anecdotes from the lives of the people. Shri B. S. Gundu Rao, Honorary Deputy Director, welcomed the gathering and proposed a Vote of

Thanks. Dr. S. Balachandra Rao, Honorary Director, was present on the occasion.

The Centre arranged its seventh extensions lecture on September 8 at the Indian Institute of World Culture, on "Mahakavi Hala's Gatha Sapthashathi", by Shatavadani Dr. R. Ganesh.

The eighth extension lecture of the Gandhi Centre was held on September 20 at the Gokhale Institute of Public Affairs. Dr. S. R. Leela, Professor of Sanskrit, NMKRV College, spoke on "Bhasana Natakagala Vaishisthya" (Significance of Bhasa's plays).

The Gandhi Centre



Justice M. Rama Jois, Governor of Bihar, releasing the book authored by Dr. S. Balachandra Rao.

arranged a special lecture by M. Rama Jois, Governor of Bihar, on September 21 at the Gokhale Institute. The former judge released the second revised edition of the book, "Ganithashastra Pravarthakaru Mattu Swarasyagalu", written by Dr.

S. Balachandra Rao, who was a Professor of Mathematics and Principal of National College, Basavangudi. Mr. Jois, spoke on "Human rights and Bharatiya values."

### Interface

The Centre of Science and Human Values arranged an

interface with students of National College, Basavangudi on September 4. Mr. P. A. Nazareth, former Ambassador of India, screened a short film on "Non-violence-the more powerful force", produced by Einstein Instt. of the U.S.A.

### Amritsar Kendra

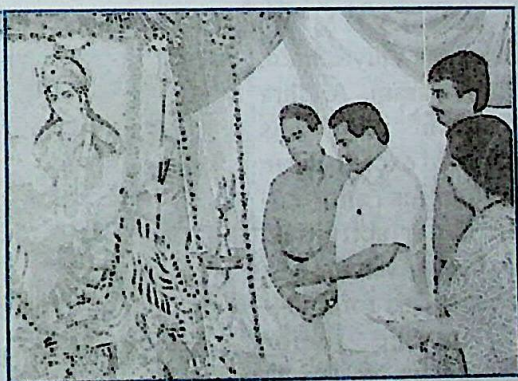
#### Matri puja

On Saturday, 16th October 2004 Bhavan's SL Public School, Amritsar Kendra had a 'Matri Puja' organised in their school. The students sought the blessings of their mothers to thank their mothers for her love.

Shri Jugal Kishore Sharma, MLA & Chairman Improvement Trust presided over as the Chief Guest. He appreciated the cause of engrossing ethical values in students and

encouraged the school to hold such programmes. He also

proposed full fee concession, for the session, for five brilliant students of the school.



At the Matri Puja function



### Kodaikanal Kendra

#### Annual Meet held

The Bhavan's Gandhi Vidyashram, Kodaikanal, conducted the annual meet of its alumni association on October 2. A new team of office-bearers was elected. The Principal, Shri N. Madhusudhan, spoke on the occasion.

#### Website launched

The Gandhi Vidyashram, on October 2 launched its website, [gandhividnyashram.org](http://gandhividnyashram.org) to help

parents and well wishers find the information about Bhavan and its activities.

#### Inter-act club inaugurated

The Gandhi Vidyashram inaugurated an inter-act club, the youth wing of Rotary Club, Kodaikanal, on October 7. Gargi Chatterjee of Class XII and Manav Mehta of Class XI were nominated as the President and Secretary of the club.

The Governor of Rotary District, Shri J. Sam Babu was present.

### Bhimavaram Kendra

#### Abhishek is the Best Cadet

Cadet T.V.N.M. Abhishek of Bhavan's Vidyashram, Bhimavaram, Andhra Pradesh who has achieved excellence in academics and co-curricular activities, has been given the best cadet award for 2004-05 in the junior division by No.19 (A) BN NCC. He has been

selected for the next Republic Day Parade.

The school's Chairman and MLA, Sriranganadha Raju, was felicitated for being



T.V.N.M. Abhishek

elected to the Andhra Pradesh Legislative Assembly in the recent elections. The staff of Bhavan's Bhimavaram and Tadepalligudem schools honoured him.

NOVEMBER 30, 2004

### Kolkata Kendra

#### **Excellence Award for Gopalkrishnanji**

The Mother Teresa Excellence Award was presented to Shri K. V. Gopalkrishnan, Director Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Kolkata Kendra for his outstanding service to the nation in the field of education and social activities at Peerless Inn on September 15. There was a Seminar 'Development Challenges Towards 21<sup>st</sup> Century India – Vision 2020' on this occasion.

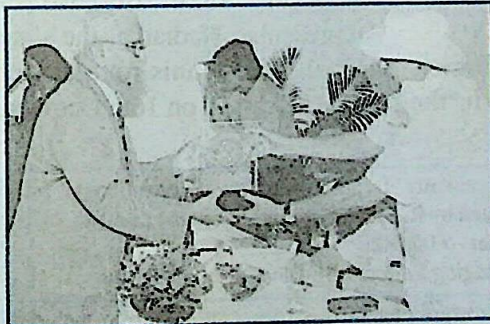
Shri Subhas Chakrabarty, Minister, presided over the

function. Other dignitaries on the dais were Justice Chittatos Mookerjee, Retired Chief Justice of Calcutta & Bombay High Court and Prof. Lodha, former Vice Chancellor of Jodhpur University. Shri Subhas Chakrabarty spoke highly about the service of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan in the North Eastern region, particularly the contribution made by Shri Gopalkrishnan. The award was presented to him by the Front for National Progress & Integrated Council for Socio Economic Progress, New Delhi.

Shri Gopalkrishnan spoke on the topic of the Seminar, "Development Challenges Towards 21<sup>st</sup> Century India -- Vision 2020".

The Minister then presented the Award to Shri Gopalkrishnan alongwith few others.

Secretary of the Organisation Shri Thomas Mathew proposed the vote of thanks.



The Hon'ble Minister Shri Subhas Chakrabarty presented the Mother Teresa Excellence Award to Shri K. V. Gopalkrishnan, Director, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Kolkata.





From Right to Left :Shri Sunil Desai, Joint Secretary of Bhavan's Nadiad Kendra, Ms. Heena Rachh, Principal , Shri Jitubhai B. Trivedi, Hon. Secretary, Bhavan's Nadiad Kendra, Shri Sashikant Trivedi, District Supdt. of Police, Shri R. R. Varsani, District Collector, Shri M. B. Parmar, District Development Officer and other friends.

### Nadiad Kendra

#### Activities in school

A state level Judo competition for girls and boys under 14 was held in the school from 30th, September to 2nd October, 04.

Participants from 32 districts of Gujarat participated in the competition.

11th October, 04 was a special day being the first day of Principal Ms. Heena Rachh.

Girls and Boys performed a Raas and Garba at the occasion, guided by Neelam and Smruti .

Axat Shah of Std.VI represented Nadiad at the state level table-tennis tournament held at Valsad on 16th October, 2004.

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in every one of us."**

*- Swami Vivekananda*

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man, whose ideas have inspired a  
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